

ROLLING STONE

ACME

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**The Rolling Stone Interview
With John Lennon**

**Inside: The Complete
John & Yoko Record Cover**

**Big Brother and Cream
In Their Last Days**

**Forty Pages Full
Of Dope,
Sex
&
Cheap
Thrills**

And they were both naked,
the man and his wife, and were
not ashamed.



The Rolling Stone Interview with John Lennon on Page 11 John and Yoko with their old look on in the Special Insert.

THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN ROCK

Although rock and roll is far from dead, some potentially excellent bands, performers and artists are the stillborn victims of the incredible financial success of the medium. Lured by enormous profits and grosses, record companies are smothering new bands under hundreds of thousands of dollars, killing untold numbers of them before they have had the opportunity to mature as artists or make good enough records to return the revenue.

It is the old show business ethic:

If a James Bond movie turns out to be successful, then every studio will start making spy movies; if Westerns get good ratings, then every network is going to have Westerns for the next season; if Marilyn Monroe does big box office, then every studio is going to buy a Marilyn Monroe imitation.

Thus: if a Jefferson Airplane and a Grateful Dead sell records, every company is going to buy a San Francisco band; if the Beatles sell records, every company is going to get a Dave Clark Five; if Hendrix is Top Ten, get yourself a trio, and so it goes.

The record industry has become a billion dollar business in the past five years, the majority of it because of rock and roll. However, the industry must

learn that they cannot approach rock and roll with the old show business standards of buying box office, because it will inevitably backfire. Show biz — movies and television — is a medium, or a group of media, based on artifice, deception, or unreality. Rock and roll has become so successful, and caught on with youth and the general public so phenomenally, because it stood for exactly the opposite: anti-bullshit, anti-makeup, anti-show biz.

The natural evolution for any sort of group — rock, jazz, blues — includes a formative period, a period of exploration. You don't put five cats together and expect them instantly to produce great music. The initial impulse — forming the group — is like fertilizing an egg, but there are several stages of development to go before the fully realized bird springs forth in its magnificence. You can't force it. You can't push it. You'll break the egg.

One of the most grandiose recent schemes to imitate the action was MGM's creation of the "Bosstown (Boston) Sound," the reasoning being that if the San Francisco Sound was doing such great shakes, why not go out and get your own sound from some city, no matter if it exists or not.

The unfortunate results were these: the Bosstown Sound was a patent fraud and it didn't take much time for anyone to see that. The records weren't much good, they didn't sell and the record company dropped a bundle. For the bands' part, they were enormously let down, had neither financial or artistic satisfaction, lost the respect of whatever real or potential audience they might have had, and in the end, will probably never be heard from again.

MGM did not try to create Bosstown, but were sold the idea and a package of bands to go along with it. But whether they in fact initiated it or merely fell for it, the point is still the same: money cannot imitate art.

(In the case of the Monkees, it was the television show which sold the records, and not vice versa, thus all the standards of the movie industry could be met and satisfied.)

What happens to a group, like the Steve Miller Band, which signs too soon for too much money. Instead of having to work out their own problems of music and personality by the sheer struggle for survival, by playing innumerable club dates, in the end they have no reason to stay or play together because vast amounts of money come in simply

for the asking. When the pressure does come, they simply break up, never having completely evolved as a musical unit or as people. When they required some firm direction and guidance, all they got was more money. And that's no way to run a rock and roll band.

The money problem is a simple one: too much too soon, and speed kills. Whatever it was that was once called "the underground," no longer exists. The show-biz approach of producers and studios buying box office is antithetical to rock and roll. It is amazing that so many segments of the record industry have shown such little understanding.

And when they look at their cancelled check for \$50,000 and wonder whatever happened to that group which endorsed the check, they have no one to blame but themselves.

Whatever decent talent did exist in those groups promoted as the Bosstown Sound, stands less chance of ever coming out today, because they were signed, recorded, and promoted well before they were ready to set foot outside Cambridge.

Money is not the only show biz ethic that is curdling the cream. Promotional campaigns and the hype has

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BLUE★THUMB RECORDS

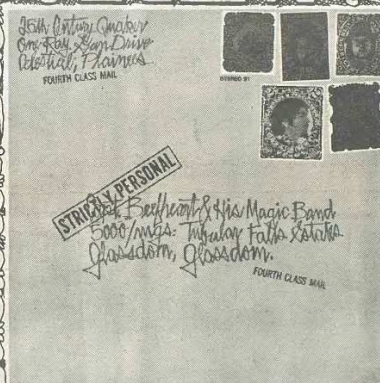
PRESENTS

SOMETHING OLD SOMETHING NEW

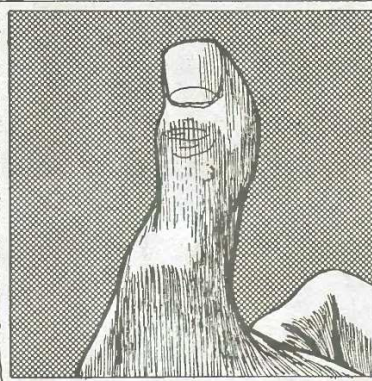


W. C. FIELDS

AN ALBUM OF POLITICAL PORNOGRAPHY



CAPTAIN BEEFHEART & HIS MAGIC BAND



SOMETHING BORROWED SOMETHING BLUE




Mick Jagger being made up for his part in the movie *Performance*.

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 Art Director: Robert Kingsbury
 Photography: Baron Wolman
 Art Consultant: John Williams
 Copy Editor: Charles Perry
 Contributing Editors:
 Thomas Albright
 Ralph J. Gleason
 Jon Landau
 Editorial Assistants:
 Barbara Davis
 Linda Schindelheim
 Sue C. Clark
 New York:
 Los Angeles: Jerry Hopkins
 London: Jonathan Cott
 Ethan Russell

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This edition printed on October 30th for newsstand sales until November 23rd.

CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

I've been wanting to say this for a long time now—Al Kooper sucks.

I think he's a damn good musician, but he also thinks so, and that's what bugs me. I felt like pissing on him after reading that review of Jeff Beck's album. I admit the album isn't terrific but it's not all that bad. Beck in person is God (well maybe not as good as Alvin Lee).

Kooper didn't dig on Ron Stuart doing deep knee bends. If he was "groovy" he'd jump all over an organ at the end of a song like Al used to do. And, by god, if "Blues Deluxe" was recorded in a studio and they added applause, Beck eats. Boy, the Blues Project album *Live at Town Hall* is great, they fade out perfectly.

I literally ran into Kooper in the Village one day (I don't think he'd move for his mother) and since then I've had no love for him. I was more angered when I read his review of *Truth*, but what topped it off was when I read of his newest LP, *I Stand Alone*, with his face superimposed on the Statue of Liberty.

I realize this is a little long but if you can print his bullshit letters you can print this.

HARRINGTON P. BAKER
 NEW YORK CITY

SIRS:

I would like to set the record straight concerning Sly and The Family Stone's recently aborted tour of England as reported in your recent issue. In the first place, the day after the possession bust was dismissed, the BBC Television rescheduled the group for both Top of the Pop and Dee Time.

When Don Arden, the promoter, signed to bring the group over to England he was provided with a list of equipment by the group. This equipment is basic and necessary to the performances of Sly and The Family Stone. On a number of occasions, before the group arrived, Mr. Arden assured us that the proper equipment had been obtained. Upon arrival we found this was just not

true. In all probability he thought that the group would settle for what was on hand and which he has obtained cheaply.

Sly and The Family Stone are a creative group and they really looked forward to doing their best for the English audiences. They could not do their best on the inferior equipment the promoter supplied. After a week of waiting the promoter still did not round up the equipment. It was then that the tour was canceled.

As for being "warned about gesticulating to motorists," Sly and the group hailed waving motorists with a V for victory sign and nothing more.

DAVID R. KAPRALIK
 COLUMBIA RECORDS

SIRS:

In regard to your review of the Pink Floyd album, which I believe to be rather typical of your entire review section, one does not get an adequate description of what the group is trying to do, how it goes about achieving its goals, and what the overall effect is. This I believe mainly to be due to your reviewers' lack of open-mindedness, interest and most of all inquiry, which gives one the impression they had written their review according to their mood at the time of the first (and in this case last) listening of the album.

According to interviews and descriptions of them, in ROLLING STONE and lesser mags, Pink Floyd are an unambitious group (which is to say, not uptight) whose purpose is solely to entertain and not to let people figure out if one of their pieces is "a significant experimental probe" or not. It is true the group lost a great part of their identity when Barrett left, but one can hardly term the opening bass patterns of "Let There Be More Light" as dull or "shoddy," or dismiss the entire album as uninteresting or "routine."

When the reviewer terms the title piece as "psychedelic muzak," he is supporting exactly what Pete Townshend remarked in his interview: of the audience not being able to figure the music out and hating it when it gets out of touch.

These flaws, on the reviewers' parts, have been acutely noticed before on such as the Cream, Big Brother and Creedence Clearwater reviews. Otherwise your paper is impatiently awaited every issue.

DIETRICH RATHJENS
 CUPERTINO, CALIF.

SIRS:

Your interviews are tough. They are the epitome of pop music personality interviews, and the ones with Bloomfield, Clapton, Townshend, Zappa, etc., were very informative.

With no particular prejudice involved, how in hell can Mama Cass be included in this elite selection? There are many other pop personnel who deserve this honor simply by living!

How about an interview with Jeff Beck about English blues and the English pop scene in general? It is terribly unfortunate that you have failed up to now to produce an interview with a great guitarist and one of the fixtures of San Francisco, Jerry Garcia. An interview with him would be most enlightening.

MAX BLATT
 BROOKLYN

SIRS:

Catherine Manfredi is entitled to her interpretation of "Hey, Jude," but ROLLING STONE has fallen far below its usual standard by printing a "review" that seems only an excuse for a vulgar psychoanalysis of John Lennon. There are other places you can read things like this. It's a sad state of affairs when the NEW YORK TIMES does better by "Hey, Jude," than ROLLING STONE. (Yes, Richard Goldstein did pan *Sgt. Pepper*. That's what I mean.)

For all the biblical research experts: St. Jude is also the patron saint of lost causes. It is out of style to analyze the Beatles' music?

LYLE YORK
 CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Family Dog Dance Permit Revoked

SAN FRANCISCO — Family Dog has lost its permit to hold dances at the Avalon Ballroom — one of the pioneer San Francisco rock dance halls — because nearby residents and businessmen complained about noise, debris and misdirected piss. At the Police Department Permit Bureau hearing, about a dozen complainants, nearly all of them in their sixties, presented petitions and gave testimony to the effect that the Avalon had regularly operated until four and five in the morning.

A cocktail lounge owner alleged that patrons of the Avalon had pissed in his doorway. A very senior citizen, about 75, claimed to have been solicited several times by a prostitute working a car parked in back of the ballroom. All the old folks argued that the noise had been excessive.

The high-point of the one-hour proceedings came when the elderly woman who operates the Madison Hotel — whose tenants are claiming dented eardrums — wound up her testimony in tears, saluting the flag, proclaiming the United States to be the country that she loves.

The police bureau agreed, and revoked Family Dog's permit — though, curiously, it did not revoke permission for "conventional" dances to be held at the Avalon. The odd part about this is that both Helms and his landlord were named in the original complaints; both faced the same charges.

Helms and Family Dog lost their permit, but the leasor who is Family Dog's landlord did not lose his.

"The thing is obviously a political fix," says Helms. "We're appealing immediately. But with the fix in, I can't predict how it'll end."

Family Dog has occasionally run 10 or 15 minutes over 2 a.m. closing, according to Helms, but the only time he ever ran until four or five was a New Year's Eve — with the police chief's permission. As to the debris, Helms does not contest that Family Dog has brought a good deal more traffic into the neighborhood than it had ever seen.

"But a guy who urinates in a doorway has probably been drinking, right? I don't think that sounds like our people," Helms holds.

Helms has reason to suspect that his landlord "has some interest in trying to get me out," he says, which is not involved with the superficial facts of the case.

One of the first things Helms did upon losing the permit was to contact Bill Graham, of Fillmore West, East and so forth. "Bill and I are very much together on this thing," Helms says. "What happens to my license can determine where his goes."

Despite losing its permit, the Dog is still in business. Upon appealing the Permit Bureau ruling, the revocation is placed in legal limbo, which means Family Dog can continue to function at the Avalon.

What if the appeal should fail? "Well," says Helms wistfully, "there aren't too many other places in this city that we could use. I guess we'd just concentrate on putting on one-night spectaculars."

"It just goes to show you, man. All these people talk free enterprise, but when you actually do it — start with nothing, like we did three years ago, and build to an operation with 45 people on the payroll, these people just won't let it happen. Not if you're a longhair, and that's one thing I'm not going to change."



UPI CABLE PHOTO

JOHN AND YOKO — BUSTED AND NAKED

LONDON — John Lennon and his girl friend Yoko Ono were busted for grass on October 18 in London, roused out of their flat by police and police dogs, taken to jail and later released.

They were accused of being in possession of cannabis resin, and secondarily of obstructing police in the execution of a search warrant. Scotland Yard Drug Squad officers spent more than an hour with the two before taking them to Paddington Green police station.

The police used two dogs, a black and a golden Labrador retriever, who had been specially trained to sniff out marijuana. The raid on John and Yoko's flat in London's residential Marylebone district (the same apartment where Jonathan Cott taped the interview with John that appears in this issue of Rolling Stone) followed inquiries made by Scotland Yard detectives and by police in Surrey, where John used to live.

Shortly after noon on Friday the police called at the ground-floor flat in a long Victorian-style block in Montagu Square. After more than an hour John and Yoko were taken in separate cars to the police station.

Yoko left first in a short fur jacket and black slacks, accompanied by a woman police officer. Lennon, wearing a Chinese-style hip length black jacket, black bell-bottoms and a lilac shirt, was accompanied by several officers. He smiled faintly as he got into the car but said nothing.

They were charged and bailed out at Paddington Green station to appear at Marylebone courthouse the next day. Earlier, Paul McCartney had gone to Marylebone Lane police station to inquire about John.

Apple executive Jeremy Banks said the arrest came the day after

the Beatles completed an eighteen-hour recording session for their new album, which has been in the works for five months. The session was so exhausting, said Banks, that he himself "couldn't last the course" and went to bed before it was over.

Although drug arrests are not infrequent among British pop musicians — those who have fallen include Brian Jones, Mick Jagger and Keith Richards of the Stones and Donovan — this is the first time a Beatle has been involved.

A week after the bust, on October 25th, Yoko announced that she was pregnant. Unlike Mick Jagger and Marianne Faithfull, John and Yoko plan to marry. Divorce proceedings are underway between John and his first wife Cynthia.

John and Yoko still plan to put out their collaboration record *The Two Virgins* with a cover that shows the two of them nude — photographed from the rear on the back side of the album and from the front on the front cover.

The disk is the avant-garde soundtrack of a movie made by John and Yoko. Yoko achieved some fame before her association with John for her films — the best known being *Number 4*, which showed a sequence of 310 pairs of bare buttocks.

In the Rolling Stone interview this issue, John says "It was only after I'd got into it and done it and looked at it that I'd realized what kind of scene I was going to create." His plan to record Yoko dates from before their affair. He originally planned a photo of Yoko naked for that album cover.

"So after that," John says, "when we got together it just seemed natural for us, if we made an album together, for both of us to be naked."

"Of course, I've never seen me

prick on an album or on a photo before."

In more nude news, the Beatles intend to sue the publishers of a poster which shows them standing in a row naked and facing front.

The poster, 25 by 28 inches, was selling for \$4 in an art and book shop in the Boulevard St. Germain in Paris. Four paper hearts (detachable) are affixed by way of fig leaves.

By chance, the poster caught the eye of an executive of Apple Records who was visiting Paris. He said the Beatles had never posed for such a photograph and that the poster had been produced by sticking their heads on a picture of four standing nudes.

John and Yoko's nude album cover is reproduced elsewhere in this issue.

Ringo A Star

LONDON — Ringo Starr has signed to play in his second non-Beatle film.

He is to appear with Peter Sellers in *The Magic Christian*, which will be shot in Britain starting in January. Ringo will play Sellers' son in the film, which is scripted by Terry Southern, the American "black humorist" who co-authored *Candy* and wrote the script for the new Jane Fonda film *Barbarella*.

Candy was filmed in Rome last year with Ringo playing a Mexican gardener. This was Ringo's first screen role without the company of the other Beatles.

Like Ringo's first film, *The Magic Christian* is not a musical feature. Peter Sellers will make some contributions to the script, which is the story of a fabulously wealthy and far-out practical joker.



JOE COCKER
"WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS"

B/W "BYE, BYE, BLACKBIRD" A&M 991





JIM MARSHALL

CASS BLOWS LAS VEGAS GIG; NOW IN THE HOSPITAL

LAS VEGAS — Mama Cass Elliot's bid to make a big splash in the Las Vegas nightclub circuit came out sounding more like "splat!" Troubled by uncertainty and tonsillitis, she canceled her \$80,000 two-week engagement after opening night.

Her debut at Caesar's Palace in early October was the first Las Vegas appearance of a rock and roll act (exclusive of Tiny Tim). In her *Rolling Stone* Interview (October 26th) Cass had expressed the hope of "blowing their minds. I want to make them say, WHAT?"

To this end she had hired Harvey Brooks, formerly of the Electric Flag, to lead her band and Mason Williams of the Smothers Brothers TV show to write her act. Among the audience on opening night were a number of her friends and fans, including Jimi Hendrix and the other three members of the now-disbanded Mamas and Papas.

Preceding Cass's set were two safe gambling-lounge acts, the Brothers Castro who sing and Flip Wilson who does comic monologues. They were well received by the middle-aged swinger audience.

The reception was lukewarm when Cass walked onto the stage in her psychedelic silk muu-muu. Her hairdo was a wry and she showed the effects of having just been awakened from a fifteen-hour sleep.

Flatly and uncertainly she began her set with "Dancing in the Streets," "Rubber Band" and "Walk On By," assisted by a girl trio. Then she forgot the name of the next song.

"California Earthquake," a song about the cataclysm that is impending according to hippie rumor was appropriately the next number on the schedule. The rest of her act consisted of a medley with the Brothers Castro, a medley of Mamas and Papas hits, and a reprise of "Dancing in the Streets."

An encore had been expected, but the lack of ovation did not call for it. Cass returned to the stage and made a little apologetic speech, saying that she'd wanted to be in show business since she was four, and that "this is the big time, here it is. If I never perform again I'll remember this. I don't even know the songs yet, this is the first night and it will get better." There was some applause at that point. Then she sang "Dream a Little Dream of Me" and left.

John Carpenter wrote of his reactions in the Los Angeles Free Press:

"As an admirer, one who digs Mama Cass as a person as well as a singer, it was an embarrassing drag — all of it — the glittery Casino first night over-the-hill audience. (The numerous hippy-looking types, friends of Cass's, drew hateful stares from them, disdainful service from the waiters. They acted as if nothing were amiss.)

"I doubt that Cass used any of her Mason Williams material. I doubt she rehearsed much. Having seen her perform before, I saw no resemblance to the Cass that commands audience attention. I just saw Cass Elliot half trying to get control of her act. Cass Elliot, unprepared for her big night, lost control of the audience.

"No one was pleased. No one made favorable comments. Not one moment of the show was good

enough to latch onto for positive comment.

"Disaster" was the word heard most often. Not only was her voice out of shape but the production itself seemed second-rate Ed Sullivan."

The day after her performance Cass was flown back to Los Angeles for a tonsilectomy, and the rest of her engagement was cancelled.

Random Notes

"It's really groovy," Mick Jagger was quoted in an English daily newspaper about the imminent arrival of his baby that Marianne Faithfull is expecting. "We are delighted," Mick said, "and I hope to have three more. We really don't want to get married. We don't think it is necessary. It works out well as it is, so why risk spoiling it."

Now that Mick is busy with films, reporters are bothering with new kinds of bothersome questions. Mick recently whipped one of them down thusly, when asked whether he'd seen Marianne in *Girl on a Motorcycle*: "I never go to the pictures. But there's a very good whipping scene in it you shouldn't miss."

From advance photos it's plain Mick has not copped out a bit for the film *Performance*. His hair is dyed black and it looks like he's wearing lip rouge. Anita Pallenberg, who is Keith Richards's girl friend in real life, has this to say about the movie, in which she plays one of Mick's girls. "It starts with a blue film, and then we come in and it really gets going."

We saw Tiny Tim on the Ed Sullivan show a few weeks ago, just before he headed to London to do a concert at the Royal Albert Hall. On television, he looked very fat and unhealthy, which comes as a real surprise because Tiny is otherwise on an excellent diet. It brings to mind Steve Paul's classic one-liner about Tiny: "Tiny Tim, who was once a universe, is now a star."

One can never be sure what is happening with the Grateful Dead, but for the past two or three months they have been deciding to break up and then not to break up. The latest word from them is that when they begin their next record, Pigpen (Ron McKernan) and Bob Weir (The Kid), will be leaving the group for other parts. They may or may not perform with them. Apparently the difficulty arose out of the new directions the Dead's recording work has taken. Pigpen and Weir were unable to make the change.

Paul McCartney, according to his friends, has cancelled all his recent appointments and engagements in London, because he feels he has written another "Yesterday," and wishes to work on it as much as possible. Once that's over, he will begin producing an LP for Mary Hopkin (her current single reminds us of Melina Mercouri). The album will contain a number of Lennon-McCartney originals.

Lou Adler, always good for a laugh, will soon put out an album of African music. The title — *Music from Little Brown*. No idea what's on the inside, but the cover has a parody of Bob Dylan's crayola-expressionist painting that was featured on the cover of *Big Pink*, and a photo of a little African hut.

Jimi Hendrix may be joining the pop move to the movies next spring. He is negotiating to star in a fantasy film, "an extension of a light show with a vast musical content." Right now the Jimi Hendrix Experience is in Los Angeles cutting an LP which the three members are producing themselves. Jimi was a big hit in Hawaii recently at a love-in style park concert that took place during an eclipse of the moon.

Bands headed in good directions include Sea Train, which has signed a contract with A&M records. Sea Train is more or less the last thing left of the Blues Project, you remember them. They are led by Andy Kulberg (on flute and bass) and Roy Blumenfeld (on drums) out of the old Blues Project.

The group also includes Richard Greene on violin and viola (he was with the Kveskin band), John Gregory, guitar and vocals (he was one of Al Kooper's replacements), Don Kretmar on bass, and Jim Roberts who writes lyrics. The group has been living in Mill Valley for the past nine months getting together this heavy list of personnel, and expects to begin recording fairly quickly.

—Continued on Next Page

Rolling Stone A Year Old

Pardon our immodesty, but we would like to point out that *Rolling Stone* is now a year old, about eleven months longer than many people thought we would last. And that goes for good old Straight Arrow Publishers, Inc., a California corporation, also one year old.

Since we publish every other Wednesday, you might wonder why this is Issue No. 22 and not No. 26. In the first few months, those Wednesday's didn't occur regularly, like they do now.

The first issue of *Rolling Stone* rolled off the press in the early evening of October 18, 1967, about 5:30 p.m. We've never had a chart drawn, so if some one would like to send it in, we'd be very grateful.

To mark this first anniversary, we've tried to put together a super-special issue with a lot of good shit, as they say. We hope you dig it, and the next year to come.

Reviewers and Writers

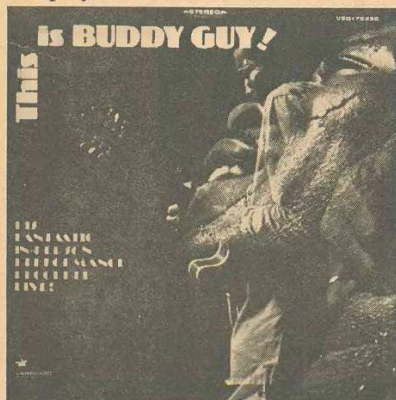
Rolling Stone is interested in receiving record reviews, movie reviews and book reviews from interested writers or those who would like to write. Any such reviews printed will be paid for. If you would like to give it a chance — and we are most interested in finding new reviewers — please send your manuscript with a self-addressed envelope to: Manuscripts Editor, *Rolling Stone*, 746 Brannan Street, San Francisco, California 94103.

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The New Blues



Chicago Blues.
City Blues. Electric Blues.
The Blues have been re-born.
Re-played and re-defined.



This Is Buddy Guy!
Buddy Guy's new release,
VSD 79290

Buddy Guy and Charley Musselwhite
are breathing new life into old soul.
So is James Cotton, and his "harp."
So is Siegel-Schwall.
This is the re-birth of the blues.
With a quick glance towards yesterday.
And a steady gaze on tomorrow.



Stone Blues
Charley Musselwhite's new release,
VSD 79287



Siegel-Schwall "Shake"
Siegel-Schwall Band's
new release,
VSD 79289



Cut You Loose!
James Cotton's
new release,
VSD 79283

VANGUARD
RECORDINGS
FOR THE
CONNOISSEUR



Random Notes

—Continued from Preceding Page

A&M has been collecting a fair stable of other new talent, including American rights on Long John Baldry, Joe Cocker, author ("Three Day Pass") Melvin Van Peebles, and a New York group, Children of God. In the next few weeks, A&M should be coming up with the announcement of a really spectacular signing, but alas, no more can be said of it at the moment.

Joe Cocker's new single, "With A Little Help From My Friends" joins Ray Charles' "Yesterday," the Mama's and Papa's "I Call Your Name" and Fats Domino's "Lady Madonna" as great versions of Beatles songs.

The Buddy Miles Express has finished its first LP. There is now a ninth member of the act, Ron Woods, who will be on drums. The album, due out around the beginning of November, is to be called *Expressway to Your Skull*.

Ed Sanders claims the Fugs tried to get into Czechoslovakia at three border points while they were in Europe for a song festival. As Ed tells it, they "ran into heavy machinegun scenes at all points. Plans to jack off in front of Soviet tanks are temporarily postponed and the Fugs are laying low in sullen chromosome damage until the next opportunity arises." Work out, Ed.

Terry Reid is a nineteen-year-old British singer who seems to be into something. He impressed Aretha Franklin enough to list him for Melody Maker along with the Beatles and the Stones — and nobody else — as what's happening in England. Jefferson Airplane got him put on the bill with them and the Doors during their recent British visit. Recently he's been cutting an album in England, with production being handled by Mickie Most. Reid flew to New York on October 21st for a two-month tour of the States, including six dates in November on the same bill with Cream in New York.

What's happening in England: The Yardbirds have changed their name (as of October 19th) — new name of the group is Led Zeppelin. Personnel of the final incarnation of the Yardbirds (in case you haven't kept track): Jimmy Page (guitar), John Paul Jones (organ), John Bonham (drums) and Robert Plant (lead and harmonica). A Led Zeppelin album will be released in December.

The Tremeloes, one of England's top teeny groups, have revealed they are recording a "big Jimi Hendrix freak-out thing." They informed Melody Maker that it was designed "especially for the American market." This way, they figure, they can make it on the college circuit in Britain — "where the money is," as they so succinctly put it. The college audience has so far shown as much interest in them as the Americans.

And then there was Manfred Mann's recent recording session that had to be abandoned because one of Manfred's teeth kept coming unscrewed and dropping out.

Lee Jackson of the Nice, the British group that was banned from playing the Royal Albert Hall for trampling on an American flag during a performance of their single release "America" had this to say about "underground music":

"The only real Underground group is the Social Deviants. I don't call the Doors and people like that Underground. It's just people getting on an antisocial kick."

The Nice's forthcoming US tour has been delayed until next year, as their promoter feels he "cannot guarantee the group's personal safety during the American Presidential elections." Said manager Tony Stratton-Smith, "The misunderstandings about the flag-burning and the controversial poster (which shows Prime Minister Wilson in bed with a whore) got far more publicity in America than we realized, and our agent there, Lenny Poncher, feels that there may be violence in some of the areas we are due to visit."

Politics and Show Biz: Outside Elvis Presley's mansion in Memphis is a sign which reads "Wallace For President." Maybe King El still understands it all better than anyone else.

THE NEW BEATLES: 'HAPPINESS IS A WARM GUN'

LONDON — The Beatles' new double album, due out November 15th, will contain twenty-seven tracks, not twenty-four as previously announced. The music is in a great many styles and most of it was composed while the Beatles were staying with the Maharishi. Nether "Revolution" nor "Hey, Jude" will be on the album, which has not been titled.

Many of the songs composed during the Beatles' study in India are nostalgic and unpretentious in style. One of the John Lennon compositions is an emotionally revealing song to his mother, "Julia." Many of the songs are about real people, and one (by Paul McCartney) is about his dog. The names of the tracks are as follows:

"Yer Blues," "Mother Nature's

Son," "Everybody's Got Something to Hide Except Me and My Monkey," "Sexie Sadie," "Helter Skelter," "Long Long Long," "Honey Pie," "Savoy Truffle," "Cry Baby Cry," "Goodnight," "Back in the USSR," "Dear Prudence," "Glass Onion," "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da," "The Continuing Story of Bungalow Bill," "While My Guitar Weeps," "Happiness is a Warm Gun," "Martha My Dear," "I'm So Tired," "Blackbird," "Piggies," "Rocky Raccoon," "Don't Pass Me By," "Why Don't We Do It in the Road," "I Will," "Julia," and "Birthday."

Tony Barrow Leaves

LONDON — Tony Barrow, the Beatles' long-time press agent, is leaving as of the end of the month.

THE SOUND OF MONEY, OR WHAT'S IN A LABEL

NEW YORK — Billboard's international buyer's guide for 1968-69 has presented its annual guide to those who dig music business trivia, listing 2,609 different record companies, along with more than 5,000 other names and addresses designed to drive any music buff up the nearest studio wall.

Listed in the publication, in alphabetical order, are all the record producers (companies) registered with the American Federation of Musicians and similar organizations. Reading the list is, besides a guaranteed eyestrain, a delight. The names selected by the record company owners for their labels fall into several entertaining categories.

One category might be classified as "slang-hip" (or, in some cases, not so hip), include Boogaloo, Boss, Go Go, Groove, Groovy, Hep, Hip, Uptite, Karma, Krishna, Luv, Peace, Heavy, Soul Solid, Soul-a-Rama, Super, and Way-Out.

Another is chemically or organically oriented, with Trip, Boo, Pop-

py, Green Grass, Acid, and Stoned among the turned-on labels available.

While still another might be considered somewhat violent: Bullet, Gun, Mace, Minute-Man, Dynamite, Smash, Bang, and Shout.

A fourth group of record company names could only be categorized as "miscellaneous." This grouping includes Varmint, Fink, Purple Cow, and Fuzzwart.

A final — and seemingly largest — category of labels falls under the

After that time the Beatles' publicity will be handled directly by Apple.

Barrow, who took on the then-unknown group almost six years ago, decided to quit because of the demands of his own expanding business and the increasingly closer integration of the Beatles' activities with Apple.

He announced on October 22nd that he regards it as "neither practical nor desirable" for two separate publicity organizations to be involved with the group. "I would like to make it quite clear," he said, "that this change is not the result of a disagreement between any of the involved parties. On the contrary, it is a mutually amicable separation."

general classification of "let's-make-bread." Among these commercial titles are (take a deep breath): Sound of Money, Sureshot, Terrific, One-Deaf, Top Dog, Top Cat, Top 50, Top 40, Top Hit, Top Gun, Chartbuster, Solid Hit, Triumph, Whiz, Fat, Hit, Kash, Money, Pieces of Eight, Gold Standard, Silver Dollar, and Security.

And then there is the ultimate of record labels. It's called Hype Records.

Motown wins Ruffin contract suit

DETROIT — Motown Records and its subsidiary International Management Co. have won their suit against David Ruffin, former lead singer with the Temptations. Judge Joseph Moynihan's finding in Wayne County Circuit Court was that Motown's and IMC's contracts with the singer were valid and enforceable.

Motown had sued Associated Booking Corporation and C. B. At-

kins, Ruffin's personal manager, for conspiring to induce the singer to break his contracts with Motown. The judge ruled that Motown's contract with Ruffin was fair, pointing out that Ruffin earned less than \$6000 a year when he first came under the guidance of IMC and then began earning more than that per week.

SIRS:

With the great upsurge of interest in blues by white America an interesting phenomenon has developed, the white bluesman. With this development there has occurred a semi-intellectual criticism. In the beginning stages most critics were decidedly opposed to the 'fay bluesmen.

Dave Ray among others was highly criticized for his "vocal mugging" of the older blues forms. As the white bluesman evolved and electricity was added to their instruments they became more and more acceptable to the critics. Now in most of the "hip" mags one can read of the vocal prowess and instrumental wizardry of the Bloomfields and the Claptons.

Another important factor is that the recordings by the white blues singer and instrumentalist far outsell the original recordings. Admittedly the white bluesman has given loads of free publicity and credit to the people they learned from and this is as it should be. However, this nice guy attitude does not increase the validity of their music.

Otis Redding and Mike Bloomfield have both made interesting comments on music and race. When asked why he thought the white blues performers were so much more successful than the originals, Otis replied, "Because the white population is much larger than the colored" (August 1967 Hit Parade). In the April 6, 1968 edition of Rolling Stone Mike was asked if soul music was the direction "R&R" was going in. He said, "They (white adolescents) much more readily identify sexually and personally with a white person than like with Otis..." It should be quite obvious to all concerned that you can not evade the issue of race when discussing music.

Now I know that someone will mention Steve Cropper and say that here is a white cat that plays and writes soul music. My answer to that is "Cropper is a hillbilly," and if you are even halfway hip you'll know that blacks and hillbillies

come from similar physically and mentally depressing backgrounds. It is this same type of background that produces the feeling of hurt, and need that is present in country music and soul music. It is this feeling that enables Ernest Tubbs (a hillbilly playing hillbilly music to a hillbilly audience; these three factors are a must) to communicate and interact with his audience. It is this same feeling that enables B. B. King, Joe Tex and the Temptations to communicate with their audiences (soul brothers and sisters playing soul music to a soul audience). Getting back to Steve Cropper, if you'll look at the songs he has written there is nothing that really states they have to be soul songs. Most of them could just as easily be hillbilly numbers (the feeling is basically the same, but the manner of presentation is different).

Steve merely plays and writes in the same sociological context that he lives and work in. That is, making black music for black people. Whether they will admit it or not the white blues performers are merely taking black music and making it palatable for their white audiences. This in itself changes the structure of the music. Witness the long, over elaborate, excessive guitar breaks which sometimes extend throughout the song. Witness the very unsoulful bass guitar playing.

The rhythm on most of those white soul recordings is so unfunky that the average black cat can't really dig it. That in itself speaks volumes on the validity of the music. I mean, overdubbing the guitar three times on a record doesn't make it soulful. Playing so fast that your guitar sounds like a Russian mandolin or that your licks sound like Foggy Mountain Breakdown doesn't make it soul either.

Soul is a word that gets quite a lot of work, but it best describes the feeling that is apparent in all black music, both vocally and instrumentally. Soul is that timing of syllables in the pronunciation

of black singers. It is the roundness of the voice as words are formed. It is the shifting and changing rhythms throughout each measure in a piece of music. It is Black African Rhythm being expressed in white English words. And when these words are sung with soul there is little doubt in any soul brother's mind who is singing them. It is this same rhythm that is present in black instrumentals that makes them soulful. Listen to any early B. B. King Instrumentals (B. B. doesn't do too many instrumentals now), anything by James Brown, dig the unknown bass player and honestly name a white player who can match him. And even if Janis Joplin knows all about wine she can't hold a glass to Aretha Franklin.

Now I'm not one to waste words or try to hurt anybody's feelings but you white cats who are always rapping about how uptight your parents are, aren't acting too differently than they do. Just as they got rich off a black man's soul, you're doing the same damn thing. Blues and the black man are inseparable. And people who are supposedly knowledgeable about that subject should quit "passing off" bullshit as the real thing. Long hair and a white face may sell records but it's not blues nor soul.

Now I realize that your scene is white. I'm not knocking your thing, but I'm black and I do my own thing. And if you write about my thing, write about it right. Leave out the bullshit.

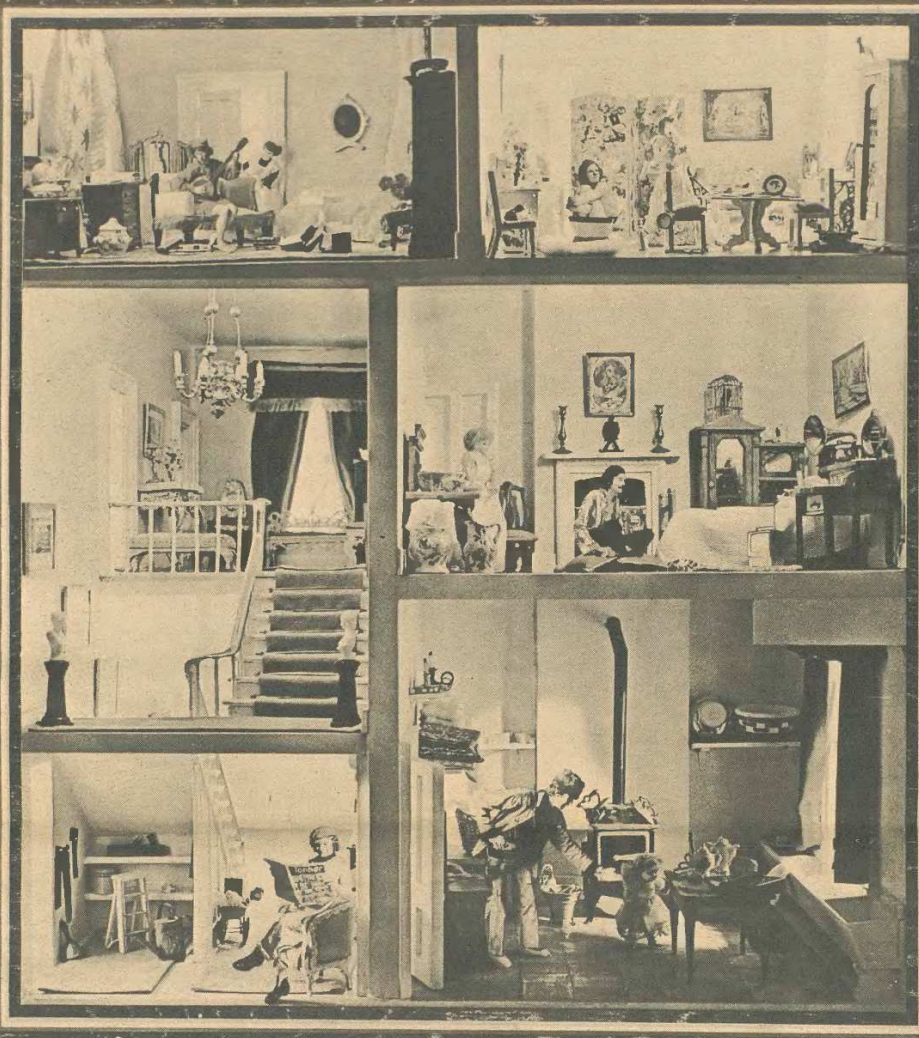
'Tis true that you own the paper that you write on, you even own the record companies that my people record for, but you don't own our soul. We brought it with us when we came, we "improved" on it while we were here, and when we "go" we'll take it with us. Been a long time comin' and we'll be a long time gone.

'Nuff said.

FLOYD E. TINSLEY
DETROIT, MICH.

STEREO

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Family is new. They are recognized not so much as just another pop sound, but as a valid art form in much the same way as artists admired by Family—Traffic, Dylan and Joe Cocker.

You think of Family and it's introverted, it's knowing too much and not being hassled by it. It's indifference

and closeness, it's sex and the honor of men. It's some evil and somebody holding everything together. It's power and money and humor. It's loyalty and the only thing worth holding out for after the camp and the image are put to rest in unknown hours. Family is the beginning and the end.





CASS ELLIOT

**JUST ONE OF
THE IMPRESSORS
ON DUNHILL**



AND HEAVY

THE ROLLING STONE INTERVIEW: JOHN LENNON



The interview took place at John Lennon's and Yoko Ono's temporary basement flat in London—a flat where Jimi Hendrix, Ringo Starr, and William Burroughs, among others, have stayed. But the flat seemed as much John's and Yoko's as the Indian incense which took over the living room. The walls were covered with photos of John, of Yoko, a giant Sgt. Pepper ensign, Richard Chamberlain's poster collage of news clippings of the Stones bust, the Time magazine cover of the Beatles.

We arrived at five on the afternoon of September 17, said hello to Robert Fraser, who arranged the interview, to John and Yoko, sitting together, looking "tres bien ensemble." We sat down around a simple wooden table, covered with magazines, newspapers, sketch paper, boxes, drawings, a beaded necklace shaped in the form of a pentangle.

John said he had to be at a recording session in a half hour, so we talked for a while about John's show at the Fraser gallery. John wrote some reminders to himself in the wonderfully intense and absorbed way that a kid has painting the sun for the first time. As a philosopher once remarked: "Were art to redeem man, it could do so only by saving him from the seriousness of life and restoring him to an unexpected boyishness."

When we arrived the next afternoon, Sept. 18, John was walking around the room, humming what sounded like "Hold Me Tight"—just singing the song to the air. Old '50s forty-fives were scattered about the floor, and John played Rosie and the Originals' version of "Give Me Love." We talked about the lyrics of Gene Vincent's "Woman Love." In spite of having slept only two hours, John asked us to sit down on the floor and begin the interview.

Any suspicions that John would be ornery, mean, cruel, or brutish—feelings attributed to him and imagined by press reports and various paranoid personalities—never arose even for the purpose of being pressed down. As John said simply about the interview: "There's nothing more fun than talking about your own songs and your own records. I mean you can't help it, it's your bit, really. We talk about them together. Remember that."

It's impossible to recapture in print John's inflections and pronunciations of words like "ahppens," for example. Wish you had been there.

—JONATHAN COTT

(c) 1968 Rolling Stone Magazine

I've listed a group of songs that I associate with you, in terms of what you are or what you were, songs that struck me as embodying you a little bit: "You've Got to Hide Your Love Away," "Strawberry Fields," "It's Only Love," "She Said She Said," "Lucy in the Sky," "I'm Only Sleeping," "Run for Your Life," "I am the Walrus," "All You Need Is Love," "Rain," "Girl."

Ah, yeh! I agree with some of them, you see. Things like "Hide Your Love Away," right, I'd just discovered Dylan really. "It's Only Love"—I was always ashamed of that 'cause of the abominable lyrics you know—they're probably all right. George just came and talked about it last night. He said, remember we always used to cringe when the guitar bit came on, when we did that blamm blam blam-blam-blam, we liked it but there was something wrong.

And "She Said She Said"—yeh, I dug that 'cause I was going through a bad time writing then and so I couldn't hear it, but then I heard it and so I dug it. "Lucy in the Sky," all right. "Sleeping," it's like that. "Run for Your Life" I always hated, you know. "Walrus," yeh, "Girl," yeh, "All You Need Is Love"—hah, you know that's sort of natural.

The ones that really meant something to me—look, I don't know about "Hide Your Love Away," that's so long ago—probably "Strawberry Fields," "She Said," "Walrus," "Rain," "Girl," there are just one or two others, "Day Tripper," "Paperback Writer," even. "Ticket to Ride" was one more, I remember that. It was a definite sort of change... "Norwegian Wood"—that was the sitar bit. Definitely, I consider them moods or moments.

I feel you in these songs more than in a song like "Michelle," for example.

Yeh, right, they're me touch. Well the thing is, I don't know how they'd work out if I recorded them with other people, it would be entirely different. But it's my music with my band when it's me singing it, and it's Paul's music with his band. Sometimes it's halvey-halvey you know. When we write them together, they're together. But I'm not proud of all of my songs. "Walrus," "Strawberry Fields," you know—I'll sort of stick my name on them, the others are a bit... I think they're more powerful.

I heard that "Strawberry Fields" was written when you were sitting on a beach alone.

Yeh, in Spain, filming *How I Won the War*. I was going through a big

scene about song writing again you know—I seem to go through it now and then, and it took me a long time to write it. See, I was writing all bits and bits. I wanted the lyrics to be like conversation. It didn't work, that one verse was sort of ludicrous really, I just wanted it to be like [John sing-talks] "we're talking and I just happen to be singing"—like that. And it was very quiet. But it was written in this big Spanish house, part of it, and then finished on the beach. It was really romantic—singing it too—I don't know who was there.

Don't you find something special about the song?

Oh yes, definitely yes. It was a big scene, like I'd say "Ticket to Ride" was a big scene, "Rain" was, not so much, but because of the backwards, you know. That was the time I discovered backwards accidentally.

It was the first time I discovered it. On the end of "Rain" you hear me singing it backwards. We'd done the main thing at EMI and the habit was then to take the songs home and see what you thought a little extra gimmick or what the guitar piece would be.

So I got home about five in the morning, stoned out of me head, I staggered up to me tape recorder and I put it on, but it came out backwards, and I was in a trance in the earphones, what is it—what is it? It's too much, you know, and I really wanted the whole song backwards almost, and that was it. So we tagged it on the end. I just happened to have the tape the wrong way round, it just came out backwards, it just blew me mind. The voice sounds like old Indian.

There have been a lot of philosophical analyses written about your songs, "Strawberry Fields" in particular...

Well, they can take them apart. They can take anything apart. I mean I hit it on all levels, you know. We write lyrics, and I write lyrics that you don't realize what they mean till after. Especially some of the better songs or some of the more flowing ones, like "Walrus." The whole first verse was written without any knowledge. And "Tomor-



row Never Knows"—I didn't know what I was saying, and you just find out later, that's why these people are good on them. I know that when there are some lyrics I dig I know that somewhere people will be looking at them, and with the rest of the songs it doesn't matter cause they work on all levels. Anything. I don't mind what they do. And I dig the people that notice that I have a sort of strange rhythm scene, because I've never been able to keep rhythm on the stage. I always used to get lost. It's me double off-beats.

In "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds," what about an image like "newspaper taxis"?

That was a Paul line, I think. In a lot of them you'll get so far. You've lumbered yourself with a set of images and it's an effort to keep it up.

Pop analysts are often trying to read something into songs that isn't there.

It is there. It's like abstract art really. It's just the same really. It's just that when you have to think about it to write it, it just means that you labored at it. But when you just say it, man, you know you're saying it, it's a continuous flow. The same as when you're recording or just playing, you come out of a thing and you know "I've been there" and it was nothing, it was just pure, and that's what we're looking for all the time, really.

What is Strawberry Fields?

It's a name, it's a nice name. When I was writing "In My Life"—I was trying "Penny Lane" at that time—we were trying to write about Liverpool, and I just listed all the nice sounding names just arbitrarily. Strawberry Fields was a place near us that happened to be a Salvation Army home. But Strawberry Fields—I mean I have visions of Strawberry Fields. And there was Penny Lane, the Cast Iron Shore which I've just got in some song now, and they were just good names, just groovy names. Just good sounding. Because Strawberry Fields is anywhere you want to go. Actually I've just written a song which goes "I told you about Strawberry Fields/And you heard about the Walrus and me/Told you about the Fool on the Hill..." it's amazing.

How much do you think the songs go towards building up a myth of a state of mind?

I don't know. I mean we got a bit pretentious. Like everybody we had our phase and now it's a little change over to trying to be more natural, less "newspaper taxis," say. I mean we're just changing. I don't know what we're doing at all, I just write them. Really, I

—Continued on Next Page



ETIAN RUSSELL

—Continued from Preceding Page

just like rock and roll. I mean these [pointing to a pile of '50's records] are the records I dug then, I dig them now and I'm still trying to reproduce "Some Other Guy" sometimes or "Be-Bop-A-Lula," whatever it is, it's the same bit for me, it's really just the sound.

What's the flip side of "Angel Baby" called—the song you played before we started the interview?

"Give Me Love" by Rosie and the Originals. An amazing record. It's one of the greatest strange records, it's all just out of beat and everybody misses it—they knocked off the B side in ten minutes. I talk Yoko's leg off telling her this is it, this is what it's all about. There's just one line in this Miracles record—"I've Been Good to You"—where it goes "You got me Cry-y-yeying"—no breath, a beautiful little piece. I always love to hear it. I think he's [Smokey Robinson] got the most perfect voice, you know, I just think the group's got into such a samey groove that it spoils it really.

In "Penny Lane," you have the lines: "A pretty nurse is selling poppies from a tray/And though she thinks she's in a play/She is anyway." Aside from the little kid's quality of these lines, isn't this what you've been saying recently?

Paul had the main bit of that, but I remember working on those lines. It's always been a bit of "She's in a play, she is anyway heh heh" because you're saying that again and again, it's a game, man, it's a game, but because you mean

it, it's all right, it's ok. There's all that in it. To us it's just Penny Lane cause we lived there.

The Beatles seem to be one of the only groups who ever made a distinction between friends and lovers. For instance, there's the "baby" who can drive your car. But when it comes to "We Can Work it Out," you talk about "my friend." In most other groups' songs, calling someone "baby" is a bit demeaning compared to your distinction.

Yeh, I don't know why. It's Paul's bit that—"Buy you a diamond ring, my friend"—it's an alternative to baby. You can take it logically the way you took it. See, I don't know really. Yours is as true a way of looking at it as any other way. In "Baby, You're a Rich Man" the point was, stop moaning, you're a rich man and we're all rich men, heh heh, baby!

It's a bit of a mocking song, then?

Well they all get like that a bit, cause there is all that in it, that's the point. As we write them or as we sing them that happens you know. And in different takes just the inclination of your voice will change the meaning of the lyrics, and that's why it's after we've done them that we really see what they are. By that time the weight's on it.

I once heard a twelve year old girl singing along with "All You Need Is Love," and she substituted the word "hate" for "love" as she sang.

Could be right, you know. Well, it's like the old Peter Sellers gag—"If only I had the Latin"—meaning, if I had the breaks, you know, all you need is love. I just meant it, I felt it, that's what you needed. Of course when I'm down it doesn't work at all, but I believe it in the songs. That's the thing about writing the songs—you say, well, all you need is love, there you go, and it's a bit of a statement, but you've got to do it. You can't live up to it, that's the thing.

I've felt your other mood recently: "Here I stand head in hand" in "Hide Your Love Away" and "When I was a boy, everything was right" in "She Said She Said."

Yeh, right. That was pure. That was what I meant alright. You see when I wrote that I had the "She said she said," but it was just meaning nothing, it was just vaguely to do with someone that had said something like he knew what it was like to be dead and then it was just a sound. And then I wanted a middle-eight. The beginning had been around for days and days and so I wrote the first thing that came into my head and it was "When I was a boy," in a different beat, but it was real because it just happened.

It's funny, because while we're recording we're all aware and listening to our old records and we say, we'll do one like "The Word"—make it like that—it never does turn out like that, but we're always comparing and talking about the old albums—just checking up, what is it? like swatting up for the exam—just listening to everything.

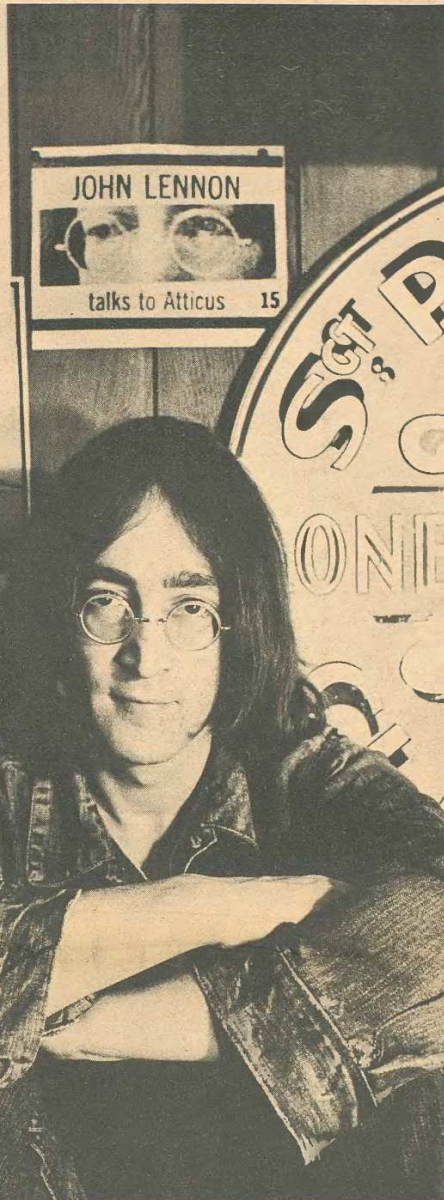
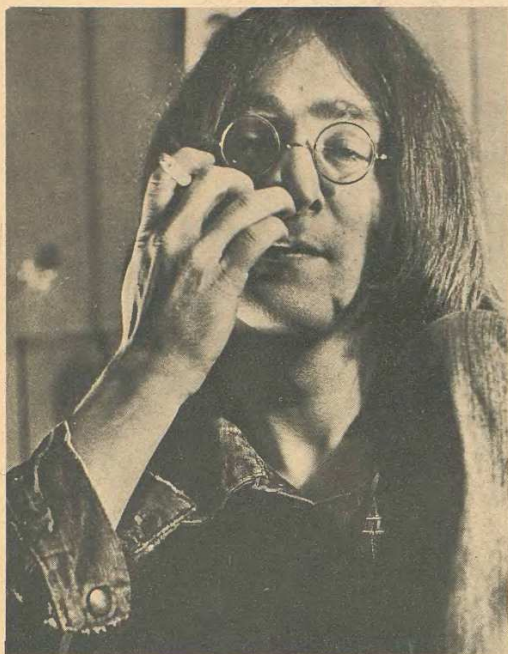
Yet people think that you're trying to get away from the old records.

But I'd like to make a record like "Some Other Guy." I haven't done one that satisfies me as much as that satisfied me. Or "Be-Bop-A-Lula" or "Heartbreak Hotel" or "Good Golly, Miss Molly" or "Whole Lot of Shakin." I'm not being modest. I mean we're still trying it. We sit there in the studio and we say, how did it go, how did it go? come on, let's do that. Like what Fats Domino has done with "Lady Madonna"—"See how they ruhnnnn."

Are there any other versions of your songs you like?

Well, Ray Charles' version of "Yesterday"—that's beautiful. And "Eleanor Rigby" is a groove. I just dig the strings on that. Like Thirties strings. Jose Feliciano does great things to "Help" and "Day Tripper."

"Got to Get You Into My Life"—sure, we were doing our Tamla Motown bit. You see we're influenced by whatever's going. Even if we're not influenced, we're all going that way at a certain time. If we played a Stones record now—and a Beatles record—and we've been way apart—you'd find a lot of similarities. We're all heavy. Just heavy. How did we ever do anything light? We did country music early because that was Ringo's bit. His song on the new album just happens to be country and we got this old fiddler in. But we weren't aware of the country kick coming in. But there we go, so it's all right. On the new album we've done a blues.



What we're trying to do is rock and roll, with less of your philosophic rock than what we're saying to ourselves and get on with rocking because rockers is what we really are. You can give me a guitar, stand me up in front of a few people. Even in the studio if I'm getting into it I'm just doing my old bit, you know, not quite doing Elvis Legs, but doing my equivalent—it's just natural. Everybody says we must do this and that, but our thing is just rocking—you know, the usual gig. That's what this new record is about. Definitely rocking. What we were doing on *Pepper* was rocking—and not rocking.

"A Day in the Life Of"—that was something. I dug it. It was a good piece of work between Paul and me. I had the "I read the news today" bit, and it turned Paul on, because now and then we really turn each other on with a bit of song, and he just said "yeah"—bang bang, like that. It just sort of happened beautifully, and we arranged it and rehearsed it, which we don't often do, the afternoon before. So we all knew what we were playing, we all got into it. It was a real groove, the whole scene on that one. Paul sang half of it and I sang half. I needed a middle-eight for it, but that would have been forcing it, all the rest had come out smooth, flowing, no trouble, and to write a middle-eight would have been to write a middle-eight, but instead Paul already had one there. It's a bit of a 2001, you know.

A critic has written about "A Day in the Life Of" as a kind of miniature "Waste Land."

Miniature what?

Eliot's "The Waste Land."

I don't know that. Not very hip on me culture you know.

So you don't see that song as a peak?

No, I don't. I think whatever we're doing now is past what we were doing then. Even if there is no song comparable to it, say. It's just not the scene now. It was only a song and it turned out well and it was a groove—it did do all that—but there's plenty more.

Songs like "Good Morning, Good Morning" and "Penny Lane" convey a child's feeling of the world.

We write about our past. "Good Morning, Good Morning" I was never proud of it. I just knocked it off to do a song. But it was writing about my past so it does get the kids because it was me at school, my whole bit. The same with "Penny Lane." We really got into the groove of imagining Penny Lane—the bank as there, and that was where the tram sheds were and people waiting and the inspector stood there, the fire engines were down there. It was just re-living childhood.

You really had a place where you grew up.

Oh, yeah. Didn't you?

Well, Manhattan isn't Liverpool.

Well, you could write about your local bus station.

In Manhattan?

Sure, why not? Everywhere is somewhere.

In "Hey, Jude," as in one of your first songs, "She Loves You," you're singing to someone else and yet you might as well be singing to yourself. Do you find that as well?

Oh, yeah. Well when Paul first sang "Hey, Jude" to me—or played me the little tape he'd made of it—I took it very personally. Ah, it's me! I said. It's me. He says, no it's me. I said "Check, we're going through the same bit." So we all are. Whoever is going through that bit with us is going through it, that's the groove.

Was "Hey, Jude" influenced—perhaps unconsciously—by mantras?

No, it's nothing conscious—you mean the repeat at the end? I never thought of that, but it's all valid, you see. I mean we'd just come back from India. But I always related it to some early Drifters song or "You'd Better Move On" or Sam Cooke's "Bring It On Home To Me" or "Send Me Some Loving"—it has that feeling.

Does "Tell Me What You See" have the same singing-to-myself feeling to you?

Not consciously, no. I can't remember, it's way back. As soon as you mention that I just remember running down the stairs at EMI and we went into the middle-eight, because there wasn't one—that's the picture I get. I'd have to hear it to get the rest of it. Otherwise it's just an image of the day I worked on it, what I went through, what I was going through at the time.

Probably paranoia.

It usually is the case—lost paranoias.

In the *Magical Mystery Tour* theme song you say "The Magical Mystery Tour is waiting to take you away." In *Sgt. Pepper* you sing "We'd like to take you home with us." How do you relate this embracing, come-sit-on-my-lawn feeling in the songs with your need for everyday privacy?

I take a narrower concept of it, like whoever was around at the time wanting to talk to them talked to me, but of course it does have that wider aspect to it. The concept is very good and I went through it and said, "Well, ok, let them sit on my lawn." But of course it doesn't work. People climbed in the house and smashed things up, and then you think, "That's no good, that doesn't work." So actually you're saying, "don't talk to me," really.

We're all trying to say nice things like that, but most of the time we can't make it—90% of the time—and the odd time we do make it, when we do it, together as people. You can say it in a song: "Well, whatever I did say to you that day about getting out of the garden, part of me said that, but really

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in my heart of hearts I'd like to have it right and talk to you and communicate." Unfortunately we're human, you know—it doesn't seem to work.

How do you feel now about your first couple of albums?

Depends what track it is. I was listening to the very first albums a few weeks back, and it's embarrassing. It was embarrassing then because we wanted to be like this. We knew what we wanted to be, but we didn't know how to do it, in the studio. We didn't have the knowledge or experience. But still some of the album is sweet, it's all right.

Wasn't it about the time of Rubber Soul that you moved away from the old records to something quite different?

Yes, yes, we got involved completely in ourselves then. I think it was Rubber Soul when we did all our own numbers. Something just happened. We controlled it a bit, whatever it was we were putting over, we just tried to control it a bit.

Do you feel free to put anything in a song?

Yes. In the early days I'd—well, we all did—we'd take things out for being banal, clichés, even chords we wouldn't use because we thought they were clichés. And even just this year there's been a great release for all of us, going right back to the basics, like on "Revolution" I'm playing the guitar and I haven't improved since I was last playing. But I dug it. It sounds the way I wanted it to sound.

It's a pity I can't do better—the fingering, you know—but I couldn't have done that last year, I'd have been too paranoid. I couldn't play dddddd d d, George must play or somebody better. My playing has probably improved a little bit on this session because I've been playing a little. I was always the rhythm guy anyway, but I always just fiddled about in the background, I didn't actually want to play rhythm. We all sort of wanted to be lead—as in most groups—but it's a groove now, and so are the clichés. We've gone past those days when we wouldn't have used words because they didn't make sense, or what we thought was sense.

But of course Dylan taught us a lot in this respect.

Another thing is, I used to write a book or stories on one hand and write songs on the other. And I'd be writing completely free form in a book or just on a bit of paper, but when I'd start to write a song I'd be thinking dee duh dee duh do doo do de do de doo. And it took Dylan and all that was going on then to say, oh, come on now, that's the same bit, I'm just singing the words.

With "I Am A Walrus," I had "I am here as you are here as we are all together." I had just these two lines on the typewriter, and then about two weeks later I ran through and wrote another two lines, and then when I saw something after about four lines I just knocked the rest of it off. Then I had the whole verse or verse and a half and then sang it. I had this idea of doing a song that was a police siren, but it didn't work in the end [sings like a siren]: "I-am-here-as-you-are-here-as..." You couldn't really sing the police siren.

Do you write your music with instruments or in your head?

On piano or guitar. Most of this session has been written on guitar cause we were in India writing and only had our guitars there. They have a different feel about them. I missed the piano a bit because you just write differently. My piano playing is even worse than me guitar. I hardly know what the chords are, so it's good to have a slightly limited palette, heh heh.

What did you think of Dylan's "version" of "Norwegian Wood"? ("Fourth time around").

I was very paranoid about that. I remember he played it to me when he was in London. He said, what do you think? I said, I don't like it. I didn't like it. I was very paranoid. I just didn't like what I felt I was feeling—I thought it was an out and out skit, you know, but it wasn't. It was great. I mean he wasn't playing any tricks on me. I was just going through the bit.

How do you feel about his new music?

It's fine, you know. I'm just a bit bored with the backing, that's all. But he's right what he's doing because he usually is. I've only heard the "Landlord" album. I haven't heard the acetate, I keep hearing about it. That's something else, you know.

Is there anybody else you've gotten something from musically?

Oh millions. All those I mentioned before—Little Richard, Presley.

Anyone contemporary?

Are they dead? Well, nobody sustains it. I've been buzzed by the Stones and other groups, but none of them can sustain the buzz for me continually through a whole album or through three singles even.

You and Dylan are often thought of together in some way.

Yeh? Yeh, well we were for a bit, but I couldn't make it. Too paranoid. I always saw him when he was in London. He first turned us on in New York actually. He thought "I Want To Hold Your Hand"—when it goes "I can't hide"—he thought we were singing "I get high"—so he turns up with Al Aronowitz and turns us on, and we had the biggest laugh all night—forever. Fantastic. We've got a lot to thank him for.

Do you ever see him anymore?

No, cause he's living his cozy little life, doing that bit. If I was in New York, he'd be the person I'd most like to see. I've grown up enough to communicate with him. Both of us were always uptight, you know, and of course I wouldn't know whether he was uptight, because I was so uptight, and then when he wasn't uptight, I was—all that bit. But we just sat it out because we just liked being together.

What about the new desire to return to a more natural environment? Dylan's return to country music?

Dylan broke his neck and we went to India. Everybody did their bit. And now we're all just coming out, coming out of a shell, in a new way, kind of saying: remember what it was like to play.

Do you feel better now?

Yes... And worse.

What do you feel about India now?

I've got no regrets at all, cause it was a groove and I had some great experiences, meditating eight hours a day—some amazing things, some amazing trips—it was great. And I still meditate off and on. George is doing it regularly. And I believe implicitly in the whole bit. It's just that it's difficult to continue it. I lost the rosy glasses. And I'm like that, I'm very idealistic. So I can't really manage my exercises when I've lost that. I mean I don't want to be a boxer so much. It's just that a few things happened, or didn't happen, I don't know, but something happened. It was sort of like a [click] and we just left and I don't know what went on, it's too near—I don't really know what happened.

You just showed me what might be the front and back album photos for the record you're putting out of the music you and Yoko composed for your film Two Virgins. The photos have the simplicity of a daguerreotype...

Well, that's because I took it, I'm a ham photographer, you know. It's me Nikon what I was given by a commercially minded Japanese when we were in Japan, along with me Pentax, me Canon, me boom-boom and all the others. So I just set it up and did it.

For the cover, there's a photo of you and Yoko standing naked facing the camera. And on the backside are your backsides. At your "For Yoko" show at the Fraser Gallery you just said, "You are here," showed some things that were there, and then people got the horrors. What do you think they're going to think of the cover?

Well, we've got that to come. The thing is, I started it with a pure... it was the truth, and it was only after I'd got into it and done it and looked at it that I'd realized what kind of scene I was going to create. And then suddenly there it was, and then suddenly you show it to people and then you know what the world's going to do to you, or try to do. But you have no knowledge of it when you conceive it or make it.

Originally, I was going to record Yoko, and I thought that the best picture of her for an album would be her naked. I was just going to record her as an artist, we were only on those kind of terms then. So after that, when we got together it just seemed natural for us, if we made an album together, for both of us to be naked.

Of course I've never seen me prick on an album or on a photo before: "Whatnearth, there's a fellow with his prick out." And that was the first time I realized me prick was out, you know. I mean you can see it on the photo itself—we're naked in front of a camera—that comes over in the eyes, just for a minute you go! I mean you're not used to it, being naked, but it's got to come out.

How do you face the fact that people are going to mutilate you?

Well, I can take that as long as we can get the cover out. And I really don't know what the chances are of that.

You don't worry about the nuts across the street?

No, no. I know it won't be very comfortable walking around with all the lorry drivers whistling and that, but it'll all die. Next year it'll be nothing, like mini-skirts or bare tits, it isn't anything. We're all naked really. When people attack Yoko and me, we know they're paranoid, we don't worry too much. It's the ones that don't know and you know they don't know—they're just going round in a blue fuzz. The thing is, the album also says: look, lay off will you, it's two people—what have we done?

Lenny Bruce once compared himself to a doctor, saying that if people weren't sick, there wouldn't be any need for him.

That's the bit, isn't it? Since we started being more natural in public—the four of us—we've really had a lot of knocking. I mean we're always natural, I mean you can't help it, we couldn't have been where we are if we hadn't done that. We wouldn't have been us either. And it took four of us to enable us to do it, we couldn't have done it alone and kept that up. I don't know why I got knocked more often, I seem to open my mouth more often, something happens, I forget what I am till it all happens again. I mean we just get knocked—from the underground, the pop world—me personally. They're all doing it. They've got to stop soon.

Tony Palmer, in an article for The Observer, wrote how he had been predicting the Beatles' failure ever since The Cavern days. All he did was recall the various times he's predicted your failure. And then when he ended this article, he predicted it again. How does he feel?

I just got a letter from him saying he feels fine. Such a lot of mistakes and lies in the article, saying it was Yoko's show and just some very nasty bits about Yoko, just cruel, you know. I don't know what they think we are. They really do think that we're very hard people. I mean they must be hard to do what they do. You just hold your breath and wait.

Couldn't you go off to your own community and not be bothered with all of this?

Well, it's just the same there, you see. Cause I mean India was a bit of that, it was a taste of it—it's the same. So there's a small community, it's the same gig, it's relative. There's no escape.

Your show at the Fraser Gallery gave critics a chance to take a swipe at you.

Oh right, but putting it on was taking a swipe at them in a way. I mean that's what it was about. What they couldn't understand was that—a lot of them were saying, well, if it hadn't been for John Lennon nobody would have gone to it, but as it was, it was me doing it. And if it had been Sam Beggles it would have been nice. But the point of it was—it was me. And they're using that as a reason to say why it didn't work. Work as what?

Do you think Yoko's film of you smiling would work if it were just anyone smiling?

Yes, it works with somebody else smiling, but she went through all this. It originally started out that she wanted a million people all over the world to send in a snapshot of themselves smiling, and then it got down to lots of people smiling, and then maybe one or two and then me smiling as a symbol of today smiling—and that's what I am, whatever that means. And so it's me smiling, and that's the hang-up of course because it's me again. But I mean they've got to see it someday—it's only me. I don't mind if people go to the film to see me smiling because you see it doesn't matter, it's not harmful. The people that really dig the film... The idea of the film won't really be dug for another fifty or a hundred years probably. That's what it's all about. I just happen to be that face.

It's too bad people can't come down here individually to see how you're living.

Well, that's it. I didn't see Ringo and his wife for about a month when I first got together with Yoko, and there were rumors going around about the film and all that. Maureen was saying she really had some strange ideas about where we were at and what we were up to. And there were some strange reactions from all me friends and at Apple about Yoko and me and what we were doing—"Have they gone mad?" But of course it was just us, you know, and if they are puzzled or reacting strangely to us two being together and doing what we're doing, it's not hard to visualize the rest of the world really having some amazing image.

International Times recently published an interview with Jean-Luc Godard...

Oh yeah, right, he said we should do something. Now that's sour grapes from a man who couldn't get us to be in his film [One Plus One in which the Stones appear], and I don't expect it from people like that. Dear Mr. Godard, just because we didn't want to be in the film with you, it doesn't mean to say that we aren't doing any more than you. We should do whatever we're all doing.

But Godard put it in activist political terms. He said that people with influence and money should be trying to blow up the establishment and that you weren't.

What's he think we're doing? He wants to stop looking at his own films and look around.

Time magazine came out and said, look, the Beatles say "no" to destruction.

There's no point in dropping out, because it's the same there and it's got to change. But I think it all comes down to changing your head, and sure, I know that's a cliché.

What would you tell a black power guy who's changed his head and then finds a wall there all the time?

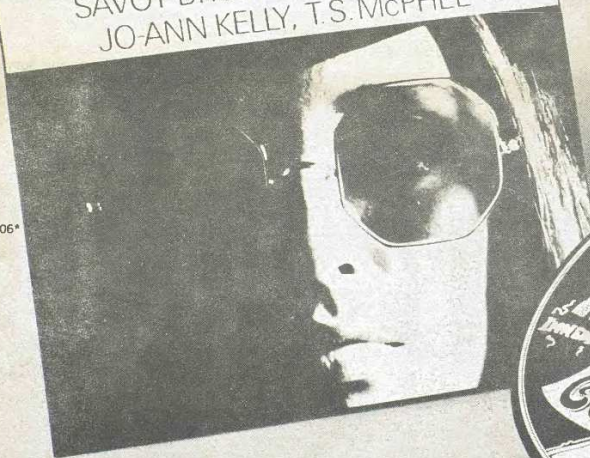
Well I can't tell him anything cause he's got to do it himself. If destruction's the only way he can do it, there's nothing I can say that could influence him cause that's where he's at, really. We've all got that in us, too, and that's why I did the "Out and In" bit on a few takes and in the TV version of "Revolution"—"Destruction, well, you know, you can count me out, and in," like Yin and Yang.

I prefer "out." But we've got the other bit in us. I don't know what I'd be doing if I was in his position. I don't think I'd be so meek and mild. I just don't know.

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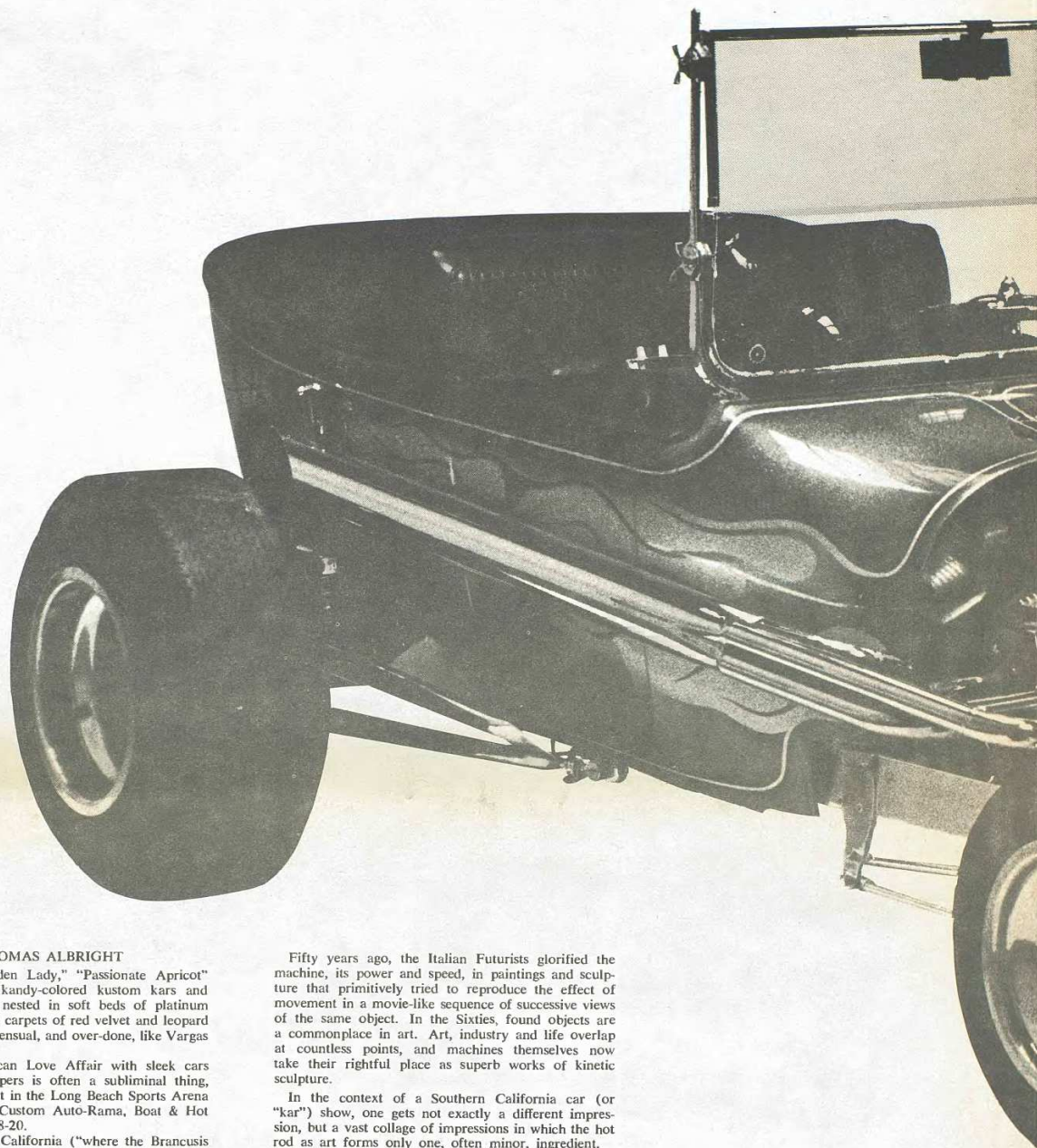


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VISUALS: THE KUSTOM KAR SHOW



BY THOMAS ALBRIGHT

"Miss Tee," "Golden Lady," "Passionate Apricot" and "Snatchattack," kandy-colored kustom kars and chrome-plated cycles, nested in soft beds of platinum blonde angel hair, on carpets of red velvet and leopard spots, steely, aseptic sensual, and over-done, like Vargas girls.

The Great American Love Affair with sleek cars and high-speed choppers is often a subliminal thing, but it was all up front in the Long Beach Sports Arena at the ninth annual Custom Auto-Rama, Boat & Hot Rod Show October 18-20.

I visited Southern California ("where the Brancusis of hot-rod custom car design are concentrated," to quote Dwight Macdonald paraphrasing Tom Wolfe) to view the hot-rod in its natural habitat after being turned on by an exhibition called "The Hot Rod Esthetic" at the San Francisco Art Institute earlier last month.

Organized by the gallery's director, Philip Linhares, himself a one-time rod builder, painter and driver, the show contained a prize-winning street-rod, three motor-cycles and a select assortment of painted helmets, gas tanks and fenders, presented as examples of "Contemporary Folk Art."

One might dispute whether the rods and cycles really constituted "folk art"; they are, after all, products of sophisticated technology, big money, sometimes big names, and where have all the "folk" gone, anyhow? The show, however, made a beautiful case for the hot-rod as art, with its closest relationship the more advanced trends in modern sculpture.

Like the finest examples of new sculpture, the machines are sleek abstractions of thrust and flight, in rich, glowing, Industrial-Age colors, the ultra-refined product of America's long love affair with streamlining and functional form. The cycles especially retain a strongly organic basis, rearing up on radically extended front forks with the heroic grandeur of a bucking stallion, or more attenuated, with the airy, lithe grace of a leaping gazelle.

Even the most inert objects—the helmets and gas tanks, tumescent and streamlined, under deep glazes of metal-flake and murano paints—take the quality of contemporary icons, inspiring reverence and awe for the attributes they represent: Speed, power and—as one female spectator put it, "they're the sexiest things I've seen in years."

Fifty years ago, the Italian Futurists glorified the machine, its power and speed, in paintings and sculpture that primitively tried to reproduce the effect of movement in a movie-like sequence of successive views of the same object. In the Sixties, found objects are a commonplace in art. Art, industry and life overlap at countless points, and machines themselves now take their rightful place as superb works of kinetic sculpture.

In the context of a Southern California car (or "kar") show, one gets not exactly a different impression, but a vast collage of impressions in which the hot rod as art forms only one, often minor, ingredient.

There is first, of course, the inevitable sense of synthetic life generated by ersatz sex that seems so basic a part of the Southern California landscape itself. Even at a safe remove from the Hollywood celluloid and video-tape commodity, there is always the industrial-scape of surreal Chirico-like buildings and massive towers rising above vast deserted wastelands, of technological processes functioning according to a life cycle and drives of their own.

Above the Long Beach harbor rise huge derricks and cranes, their tentacles groping against the horizon line like those of a giant insect come to inherit the earth. Thousands of recent arrived Volkswagens fill a vast parking lot like so many rows of eggs in a hatchery; a short distance away, massive mounds of junked cars stand near a machine that lifts, mauls, shreds and grinds them into tiny pellets, an industrial slaughterhouse.

Everywhere, there are the oil pumps, pumping constantly up and down in an eternal gang-bang on an impassive Mother Earth who never reaches climax, the smell of their sweat filling the air, producing the perpetual tunk-thunk of an amplified heart beat which curiously makes one think not of life, but death. As if in recognition of this, pumps and towers on the artificial islands off the city's beach are surrounded by large panels cut in abstract designs and painted in pastel colors, modestly concealing them from view of the posh beach front hotels.

In this Frankenstein monster world of synthetic birth, death, and standardization, new concepts of beauty evolve—if there is going to be anything beautiful at all. The Custom Auto-Rama becomes a beauty pageant of the show girls, the painted ladies, the fashion plates, the blondes who have more fun and

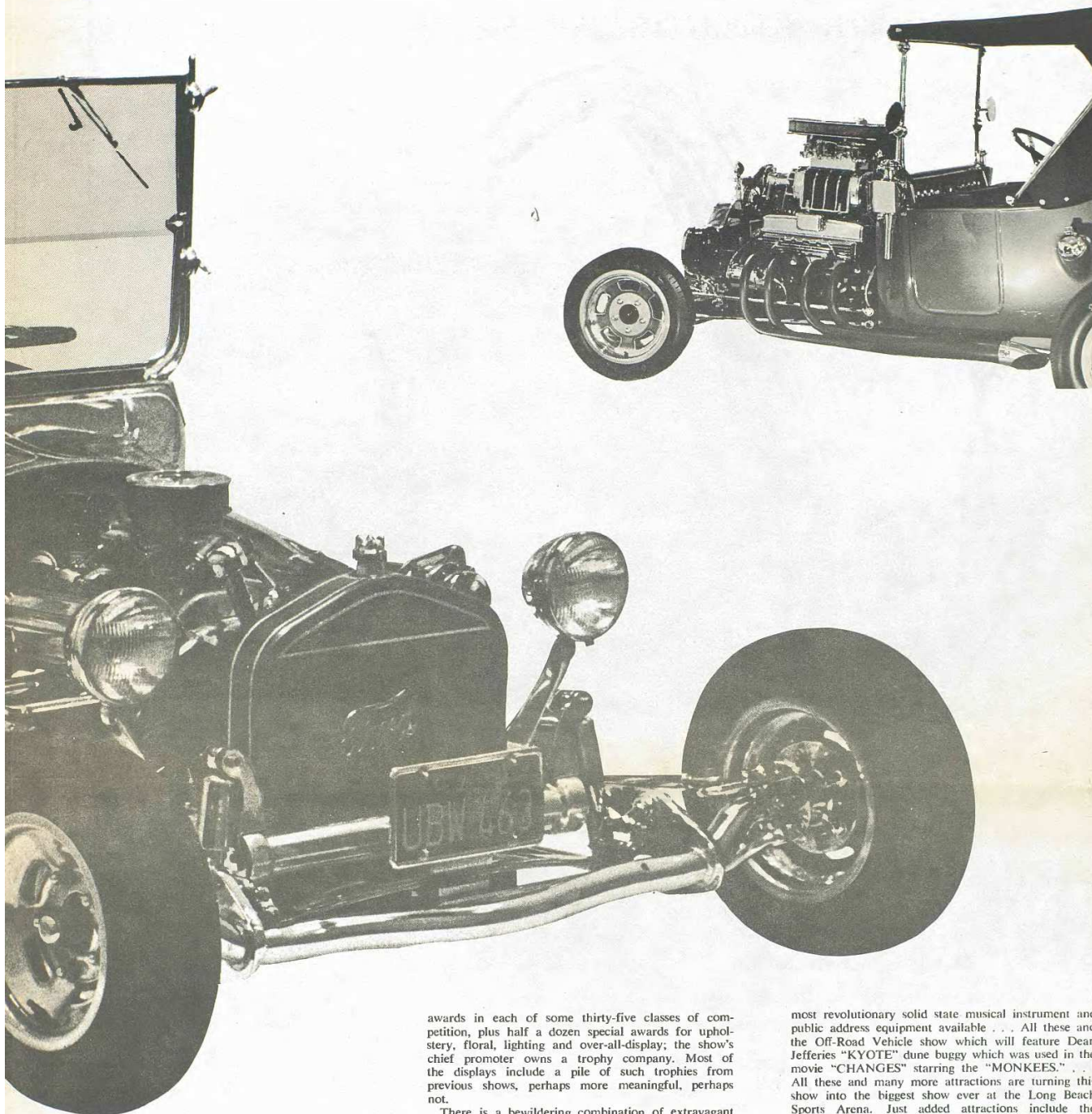
the girls who dare to be different.

Not all the rods and cycles have strictly feminine attributes; they are not only responsive, gratifying objects, but also extensions of the builders and drivers, nowhere more so than the low-slung racers in which the driver's seat straddles the grinding differential while the car tapers to a pencil thin front-end of gleaming tie-rods and Honda-sized wheels; "it makes you feel twenty feet tall," said one driver.

But whether sleekly feminine, made up in the colors of frosted lipsticks, ultra-masculine, or some hermaphroditic mixture of both, the hot rod and its offspring are the Technological Age's Super-Swingers, its playgirls and playboys: extravagantly endowed, often brief-flowering, and, whether they have it or not, at least creating the image that they are built for comfort or built for speed.

The other main impression is extravagance, completely unfettered, anything goes. The Hot Rod esthetic represents a certain reaction against industrialized conformity and assembly-line standardization, but apart from a small element of traditional backyard craftsmanship and hobbyism, it is a reaction not of revolt, alienation or dropping out, but of oneupmanship.

Like the Jet Set and Hollywood syndromes, or the Rackets, the aim is not to change the system or withdraw from it, but to beat it at its own game, or to screw it, and ostentation and extravagance are the chief weapons. If speed is the name of the game, the custom cars will be faster; if it's flashy paint jobs, they will be flashier. One sees only a small handful of



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Black builders and drivers; the Establishment status symbol is still the GTO. But the hot-rodding impulse is to go GTO one better.

There is extravagant beauty, itself often a by-product of larger extravagance—"30 gallons of orange flake paint," says the sign, "40 coats of pink pearl under strato glass with fuschia flake and black panels." There are candy apple reds, tangerines and apricots, chrome-plated everything. There is "The Golden Lady," a cycle covered with \$1,000 in 24-karat gold plate, all the way down to its exhausts and drive chain; the product of four years of part-time work by two partners in the antique business.

There is extravagant attention to detail in the individual displays—beds of spun glass, white pebbles and tree bark, snatches of Angel Hair carefully falling out a cycle's exhausts, even a cover of actual grass carefully brought into the arena in sections and, of course, labeled "Yep, it's real grass." Extravagant good looks are accompanied by extravagant camp or sub-sophomoric corn: Cars are framed by pedestals bearing fake marble, pseudo-classic statuary, and artificial flowers; surrounded by potted palms. Or they stand on a floor littered with political posters and Coors beer cans, or they contain little diorama displays—the rear-window of one modified Volkswagen conspicuously framed a backseat still-life of Zig Zag papers, a waterpipe and roach.

There are extravagant trophies; every participant is awarded a "participation trophy," a silvery lady with wings standing atop a globby ball; this is duplicated in escalating sizes for first, second and third

awards in each of some thirty-five classes of competition, plus half a dozen special awards for upholstery, floral, lighting and over-all-display; the show's chief promoter owns a trophy company. Most of the displays include a pile of such trophies from previous shows, perhaps more meaningful, perhaps not.

There is a bewildering combination of extravagant good taste and extravagant bad taste—the same hand that produces a 40-coat paint job can proceed to turn the whole thing into a blatant, mobile billboard with gaudy lettering promoting some custom paint shop.

There are extravagant gimmicks not readily apparent to the naked eye; most of the floor-buggers slung to an illegally low level are equipped with hydraulic lifts that can raise them automatically when a cop is spotted: some are wired all over with burglar alarms. The posh, deep lined interiors house custom stereos, TV's and, in at least one case, a plug-in light show. And there are the "funny cars," with stock bodies concealing huge, powerhouse racing engines.

The entire show is extravagantly eclectic, a crowded jumble of customs, rods, sports, classics, dune buggies, pick-ups, boats, trailers, two and three wheeler cycles, plus commercial booths housing upholstery displays, an "Afrodesia Boutique of teen fashions"; also for the teenagers, model cars and the new "Schwinn choppers," bicycles that follow the latest trends in high air foil, extended front-end motorcycle design.

It combines elements of a beauty pageant, fashion show, trade fair and garden club display, and on top of it all is an extravaganza of continuous entertainment: "The Wick Lightworks, Valletta the Hypnotist, Hickey Thompson's latest and fastest Chevy Powered Indy Car, race movies," says a press release, in a breathless, soul-station DJ style which catches the extravagant flavor almost as well as Tom Wolfe:

"Featuring the premier of Roth's 1969 Radical Candy Wagon . . . Worth over three million dollars, all under one roof . . . Don't miss this show as Standel celebrates its 15th year in music by presenting the

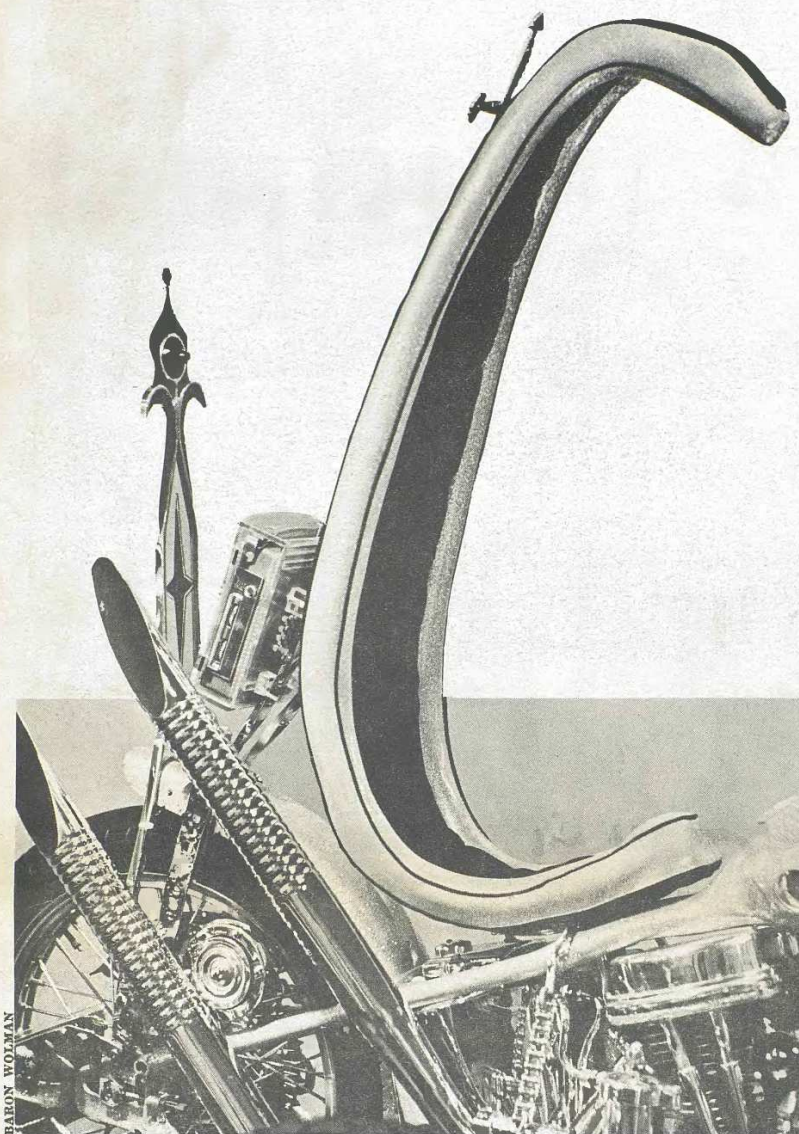
most revolutionary solid state musical instrument and public address equipment available . . . All these and the Off-Road Vehicle show which will feature Dean Jefferies "KYOTE" dune buggy which was used in the movie "CHANGES" starring the "MONKEES." . . . All these and many more attractions are turning this show into the biggest show ever at the Long Beach Sports Arena. Just added attractions include the ModelRama Model Car Show, the Beauty Contest and the Custom Bicycle Show in which everyone can enter their (sic) bicycle."

For all this, the hot rod esthetic is not strictly show biz, nor art, nor fashion, but a uniquely resilient aspect of Americana, rampantly eclectic and diverse, and at the same time relatively isolated from and oblivious to current canons of taste and fashion. Its foundation is reflected in the language of the builders and drivers, a tongue devoted with unbelievable singleness of purpose to talk of fuel injection systems, magnetos, compression ratios.

The Hot Rod subculture has had a tenuous, off-on relationship with music subcultures—Elvis, Soul, Blue Grass; the Long Beach show included rock groups and a light show; yet the music is incidental, like the car radio. A few bell-bottoms and pin-stripes wandered about the arena, and paisleys and bare-back frocks, but mostly it remains a T-shirt and slacks subculture, six-packs and Trojans, warm nights between drive-in parking lots.

Over the years, Hot Rods and Customs have profoundly influenced Detroit (dig the new Corvettes) and women's cosmetics (frosted lipsticks) and there is a growing influence on more prestigious forms of art. Yet the Hot Rod Esthetic has flourished primarily without establishment attention; in the past twenty-five years, it has evolved from a do-it-yourself assemblage operation into a big money-making business and has created its own forms and institutions in a world of relative isolation and self-sufficiency, as impervious to the Establishment as the Establishment has been to it.

—Continued on Next Page



BARON WOLMAN



The Brancusis have been grease monkeys and body painters with names like Jesse Lopez, Bob Gonzales, Dean Lanza, Tommy the Greek and even Hells Angels King, Charley Barger. Its art capitals have been the outland towns east of Los Angeles and San Francisco Bay, obscure towns in the Sacramento Valley, Scottsdale, Arizona—place of vacant lots, hot weather and flat, straight roads. Its history is documented in back issues of such magazines as *Hot Rod*, *Popular Hot Rodding* and *Modern Cycle*; the "galleries" have been garages and shops, drag strips, the main streets of little towns on Friday nights, plus the big show places like the annual Oakland Grand National and its various imitators.

The Hot Rod Esthetic could survive and grow in relative independence and self-sufficiency mainly because it has always been a highly functional esthetic. It is totally inseparable from mechanics and engineering; no matter how far out their forms, rods, roadsters and cycles must function as rods, roadsters and cycles, and they lose show-points if they don't. Most of the forms have been governed by speed, or at least the appearance of speed.

It is also totally inseparable from highly functional elements of personal psychology. The machine is an extension of the body, and of the ego; its various adornments, like the personal adornment among primitive people, flow from a concern for both beauty and stactus—and, therefore, also for fashion. Basically, of course, the Hot Rod Esthetic is an expression of sex; it erupted, grew and flourished because it had to. Like Rock music, the Hot Rod Esthetic is about fucking.

Hot rod building has already passed through at least two distinct historical phases, and is perhaps near the end of a third. It was launched with the stripped down jalopies that sprung up after World War II, largely around Los Angeles, when GI's were coming back home and old model cars and car bodies were still common and cheap.

In many ways, it paralleled the assemblage process of junk sculpture; you found an old Model A or T body in one junk yard, a '32 Ford frame in another,

installed a Cadillac grille, a '39 transmission, a '41 rear end and a new V-8 motor. You modified to suit your taste, lowering the rear end, molding the fenders, putting special louvers in the hood. There were rods channeled onto the frame and high boys that sat above it. Often, the forms followed those of the big racing cars; they were painted in glossy purple or black laquers.

The development of the Hot Rod Esthetic has been governed largely by changes in technology. By the early Fifties, old jalopies were no longer easy to find at a reasonable price; many had come to an early demise in short-lived racing careers. Detroit, meanwhile, had introduced a new look in its models, the streamlined fishback and other design features, themselves influenced, at least in part, by racing cars.

Thus, builders began customizing the newer model cars, chopping down tops, restyling interiors, stripping off chrome and producing the "lead sleds" which, beneath a coating of new metallic paints and Candy Apple, trundled around with several hundred pounds of lead filling up their seams. The art of striping became popular—stars were painted on fuel tank lids, organic designs and flames streaked down the sides lapping at the Buick holes. The squared-off, angular, masculine look of the old jalopies gave way to a sleek, feminine appearance. And customizing and building began growing out of the backyard into a lucrative, commercial enterprise, headed by names like George and Sam Barris in Los Angeles.

The third revolution came with the development of plastic and fiberglass. Builders were no longer limited to variations on themes out of Detroit; entire bodies could be cast in almost any form from a single piece of lightweight fiberglass; the heavy lead seams were replaced by plastic putties. There were new kinds of paints—by the late Fifties, metal-flaking, and in the Sixties, muranos, which achieve a depth and richness comparable to enamelling.

At present, the Hot Rod Esthetic stands perhaps at the end of one era and the brink of another. On one hand, in the Sixties, big business elements have become a predominant force in Hot Rod building. Bodies are

pre-fabricated, and you simply supply your own frame, motor and rear-end. There are still enough different styles, and combinations of elements, to ensure that no two rods look alike, and you do what you like with painting and decorating; still, there is a quality of sameness about many of the current rods, a herma-phroditic look combining elements of the old jalopy and the customized models of the Fifties.

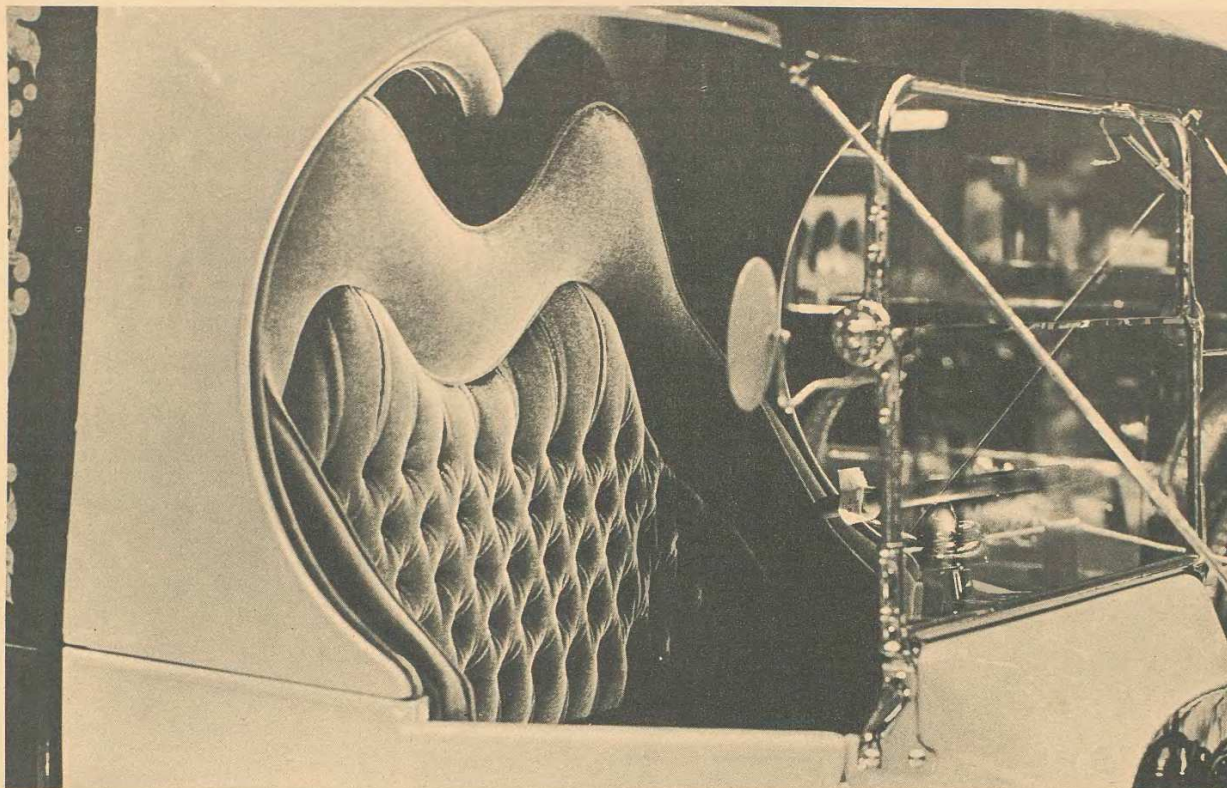
The car business has also become show business under the aegis of such builders as Big Daddy Roth, providing custom jobs for movie stars, street rods that rarely get outside of showrooms, and yielding a whole sub-crop of teen-age exploitation industries—model cars, sweatshirts, motorcycle movies.

On the other hand, a new generation of builders is coming up, working largely in the independent tradition of the old backyard builders, but with a high degree of sophistication and all kinds of new materials. One of the major figures among these is Art Himsel, whose car took first award among Street-Rod Phaetons in this year's 20th annual Oakland Grand National Roaster Show and was the one car included in the San Francisco Art Institute's show.

It uses a 1916 Dodge touring body which Himsel, in the old tradition, found himself, "lying in a bunch of weeds near the Oregon border." But it sits atop an all aluminum frame, contains a Chevrolet Corvette 327 engine and is gloriously covered with metalflake paint, a flame motif in seven colors.

At Long Beach, the most noticeable trend was a revival of customizing, of course with newer model stocks. The show had its share of plexi-glass replicas of T's and other classics, along with a few brilliantly painted originals. Big Daddy Roth's new show model was in the Pop Monster tradition, a three-wheeled adaptation of a former Police cycle, with a gleaming smooth paint job of stucco-like stippling, its handlebar-base painted with grotesque teeth and two blood-shot eyes; it pulls a two-seat trailer, filled with penny-candies and lollipops.

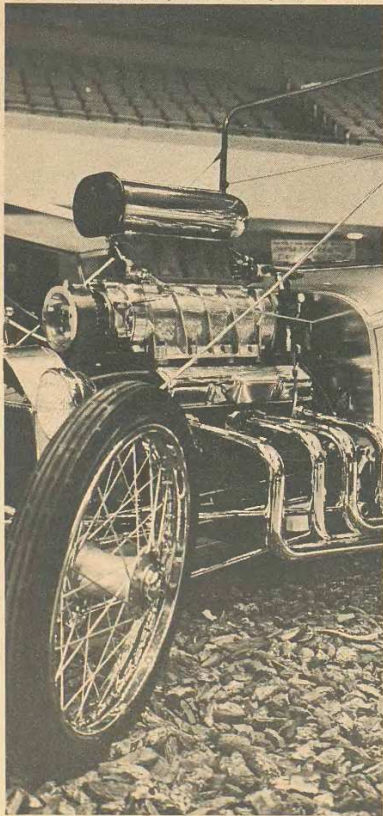
The major trend, however, was a kind of "minimal" direction—"mild custom," as the classification sheet puts it, only slightly modified new stock cars with the



emphasis on paint jobs and plush upholstery. Flames and stripes were largely out; so was spiderwebbing; in were silhouetted doilie patterns spray-painted through stencils of old lace table-cloth.

There is something a little precious about this bit, and the show's really most impressive cars were the mildly customized new stocks in rich, solid colors—or nearly solid, as the best of them contain subtle shadowing—purple or blue—or are formed of layer-on-layer of pearlescent paint—“made from ground-up abalone and clam shells,” said one owner; anyway, they reflect all of a sea shell's fine nuances of shading and light.

Accompanying all this were depressing reminders of increasing big biz specialization. One still sees the before-and-after polaroid snapshots depicting the transformation of a junked jalopy into the mint-condition rod in front of you; but mostly there are signs



with movie-like lists of credits: “Paint by Junior's House of Color,” “Interior by House of David,” and on down to the chrome plating on the wheels.

Ultimately, the whole trip gets to be a bit much, and the functional simplicity of the dune buggies becomes a refreshing contrast, like walking out of a club loaded with bottomless dancers and topless waitresses to see an attractive, simply dressed chick walking down the street. Even more refreshing was a group of restored old Vincent motorcycles on display in a back corridor, representing, no doubt, a conservative trend, but somehow a welcome purity and integrity.

Discontinued several years ago by a British firm now in the business of making airplanes, the Vincent is basically an old-fashioned cycle, with the design of a more graceful Harley. The restored jobs, uniformly painted in baked black enamel, have a look of honest efficiency and backyard craftsmanship. The display also included a weird rare model, imported from Barbados, called “The Black Knight.” Big, looming and covered with black plating like a huge armadillo, it is supposed to be “the fastest and quickest of all drag bikes”; it would be the scariest sight imaginable to meet on the road.

Ultimately, you also conclude that kustom kars and choppers come off best in small, select doses, like those on display at the San Francisco Art Institute. The strength of this show was not in paint jobs and headliners, but in formal innovations, particularly among the cycles. The trend toward choppers is itself a relatively recent development; like everyone else, many hard core rodsters have discovered that cycles are more fun to ride, and are one of the few remaining forms of transportation which—like the horse—still offers some direct relationship to your environment.

The cycle has undergone a phase of development similar to that of the car, from the heavy-duty, ex-police machines of the Hell's Angels and Gypsy Jokers into super-crafted, flawless choppers. A custom built 1959 Harley Sportster by Bob Westbrook was one of the Institute show's most beautifully heroic specimens, in yellow muranox pearlescent paint and lime green flames, rearing up on extended front forks. Mike Cooper's custom cycle approached pure sculpture. Significantly, Cooper is a kinetic sculptor, and his cycle is part of the personal collection of Fletcher Benton, one of the major kinetic sculptors in the country.

Linhares emphasized that hotrodders and artists have been influencing one another in subtle, sometimes incalculable ways, for several years. “New paints and plastics, developed by hot-rod builders, are now used by painters and sculptors. And the builders are being recognized as artists by the same young painters and sculptors.”

He enumerated a surprising number of artists on the Institute's faculty who have had some kind of hot-rodding background; in the light of this, it is possible to detect some fascinating influences—the influence of hot-rod striping, for example, in the painting of Norman Stiegelmeier. And Linhares noted that Art Himsel is presently giving informal lessons to one or two faculty artists in advanced techniques of hot-rod style painting—sprayed stencils, spiderwebbing, and other techniques that have transformed helmets, gas tanks

and fenders into marvels of painted sculpture.

Shows at the San Francisco Art Institute are usually highly influential. This one might mark a turning point in the relationship of hot-rodding and fine art; Himsel remarked it was the first time he had seen one of his cars properly displayed. A strong sense of art would be a healthy antidote to the commercial and show-biz aspects which dominated at Long Beach.

One hopes that if rods and choppers develop into something more consciously sculptural, they will not neglect the chrome-plated powerhouses that create the deafening roar as the machines roar out of an arena on a show's last day. But after talking with the builders and the drivers, these would seem little danger at that.



—Continued from Page One

become oppressive. It is not the old fashioned hype of the record promotion man to the radio program director, two people well attuned to the game and in it to play it. Today the big promotional hypes are from the record company to the general public.

Record companies, especially Columbia and Elektra, will, without thinking, promote and hype a group far beyond what the group is anywhere capable of producing on either record or stage.

Janis Joplin better be the "soul sensation of the new generation," because if she isn't, she's through. And anyone who so casually tosses around the term "supergroup," better in fact have the Beatles around the corner, because otherwise it's not going to work.

The audience will be disappointed and embittered. And the reviewers and critics — not just those who write, because there are lots more — will inevitably use one word, and be well-justified in using it: bullshit.

At one point, the general idea of forming a rock and roll band was to have a little fun, play a few bars or fraternities, make a record if you were discovered, and generally have a good time, regardless of the cost or harassment. Today, most bands are formed with the idea of first signing a recording contract and getting the rest of it together later on.

Sensing the gold to be mined, the bands have been, for the most part, happy to take the advances of \$5,000 to \$50,000 with no thought of anything else. But it is still the labels who are the biggest offenders.

Not all record companies are guilty. Some of the smaller ones — Warners-Reprise, Atlantic-Atco, Elektra — have picked and chosen with a good ear to quality and sales, and so has Columbia, an astonishing feat for such a corporate colossus. These are the exceptions, not the rule, because then you have big labels like MGM and RCA and small labels like Mainstream and Audio Fidelity who will sign practically anything, record it and throw it onto the market on the off chance it will hit. The chances are very off, and the statistics prove



it: charts have been dominated in the past year by less than four or five labels.

If the record companies, and record executives cannot learn the lesson, they will end up killing the goose that laid their golden egg.

The record companies alone are not the only guilty ones. It is also many of the bands who have let the money ethic distort their judgment, change their direction and, in the end, kill their art. Instead of going with a company which will offer them perhaps better promotion, more freedom or better direction, they will go where there is more money, when it is not money they need, but guidance and support.

The examples are too embarrassing to enumerate.

The Electric Flag lasted all of about six months. Before they ever appeared in public, they were signed to a recording contract. A quick killing was made, because the record sold well and the band died. Who is to blame? Mike Bloomfield and Buddy Miles? Columbia Records? Albert Grossman?

Whoever it was — and it was a little of all of them for letting such a thing take place — neither the band in question nor the record-buying public, nor the manager nor the record company, ever got their money's worth. The band never was able to become the potentially

fine group it could have been; no musician in it was satisfied with the eventual disaster; the audience never got to hear what such a powerful and explosive combination of musicians was fully capable of; the record company should have been able to get three or four albums at least and the manager's percentage turned out to be 15% of nothing, which is nothing.

Every record executive hopes to discover another Beatles, but if the manner in which business is now being conducted continues, they themselves will preclude the possibility of there ever being another Beatles.

What rock and roll band today is going to be able to play together in dozens of dirty clubs for three or four years, refining their music, learning how to get along, performing until it is almost perfect, enjoying themselves and



in the end, through such great woodshedding and settling and shifting, welding a unit of people so strong that neither fame, money or the butcheries of a cover-banning company are able to break it up.

This is, after all, the genesis of the Beatles, the genesis of the Stones, the Band from Big Pink, and even Bob Dylan if you allow the analogy for an individual. It is also the process that welded together the Jefferson Airplane, and the Grateful Dead (so tightly in this case, that no matter what may happen, they will still always be the Grateful Dead), Jimi Hendrix, and the Mamas and Papas in their early days. It is also partially responsible for the viability of the great soul artists, who have never had the problem of being discovered and given great sums of money until they earned it against all obstacles and hardship.

These are not absolutes, because several bands can be named to contradict this path of development in each direction. But it is the best process we have and it has been worked well.

Today everything in sight is being gobbled up, signed, and thrown onto the market. It is neither fair to the bands nor fair to the audience. And it will do the record industry harm as well. Starving musicians are not noted for their ability to resist offers of contracts and money. Not that they should be left to starve, but they should be left to sort out personnel, build a repertoire, get to know each other, and communicate the way good friends — even lovers and musicians — do, at a level beyond words and money.

The market is glutted with hundreds of bands, making it extremely difficult for radio programmers and the public to bother with anything new. In addition to the damage done to potentially good bands, snatched too early from the nest, the entire content of rock and roll — even the rock revolution — is being changed and changed detrimentally.

The top groups and performers of three years ago remain the top groups today: the Beatles, Bob Dylan and the Stones. In terms of both sales and art, the new bands which have approached the top — Jimi Hendrix, the Who, Cream, the Band, Jefferson Airplane among them — neither signed for phenomenal amounts of money, nor received phenomenal hype jobs. There is a lesson to be learned.

Here are the stories of two bands — top grossing acts, each with number one albums, each with serious artistic flaws, and each about to break up.

BY JOHN BURKS

Cream had been apart for three months, had not even seen each other for all that time. That's the way they like it best—apart—because, basically, personally, on a man-to-man basis, Eric Clapton, Jack Bruce and Ginger Baker don't dig each other. And this basically is why the Cream have decided to split and go their separate ways. The current Farewell Tour is the end of Cream.

Remembering the early days of Cream, two years ago, bassist-harpist-vocalist Jack Bruce says, "We never were friends, no. The most amazing group ever, because we never were friends. We started off in the normal way groups do when they first play together. We started initially with the social bit, you know. We'd, like, go and visit each other or go out together. And it just didn't work, you know. So now we just don't have anything to do with each other socially."

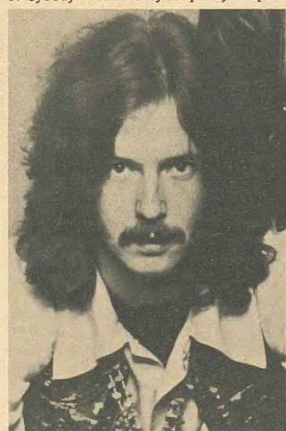
A certain facade of amicability was sustained until, as Bruce recalls it, early in their first American tour (during which the live material on the *Wheels of Fire* LP was recorded at The Fillmore). The more Popularity buoyed them, the more Ego intruded. This they are frank to admit. (At least Bruce and Clapton do; Baker isn't saying much about the emotional trauma until the tour ends, because he figures "it's only likely to cause more, em, friction and what have you.")

"It had reached its peak," says Bruce, "and we all realized it. We realized there wasn't anywhere else we could go. We couldn't change musically, and we couldn't each, uh—two of us couldn't push down their egos to let the other person rise above it." The apparent effort was to project Clapton as the Super-Star of Cream.

"We formed," adds Clapton, "on a very sort of superficial basis to begin with, really. It was like an all-star group." And that's all wrong. "It's like a kind of fantasy idea. A group should be a natural thing that just happens, you know, after you break from school—you just go on doing the same things with four guys or whatever it is. The way the Beatles did it. You can't just, like, pick out people out of a magazine and say, 'Well, that would be a great group, put them together.' Because the point of reference will be different for each guy."

Among the remarkable things about Cream is that they were the first of the heavies to achieve success without a hit single. Their LPs, *Fresh Cream* and *Disraeli Gears*, along with *Wheels*, sold furiously, nearly as well as singles, and this phenomenon—coupled with spectacularly successful tours and performances—spelled what Clapton calls "instant success."

"Well, when you got instant success, everybody thinks they're partly respon-



sible for it and it goes on from there. Whereas you might think you might be responsible for it, or somebody else thinks they might be responsible for it. And you might begin acting out those beliefs any day.

"You might," says Clapton, "walk into a rehearsal and say, like, 'I'm this band, who do you think you are?' You know. 'I'm the one who's popular.' You know. 'Do what I say.' But none of that is true, because everybody really digs, you know—I don't think there's any one of the group that is more popular than any of the others."

The super-clashes of the three Cream Egos left the sensibilities of each mu-

sician profoundly bruised. Witness the scene of their first rehearsal after having been apart for those three months. It was an important rehearsal, time to get everything clicking again. But after some desultory clanking about, the three fell silent. According to a spy who got there an hour later, the remainder of this rehearsal consisted of Baker, Bruce and Clapton sitting in opposite corners of this immense room, staring at the floor without uttering a word. The ultimate in alienation. Antonioni should have been there to get it on film.

The Ego thing. To Clapton it's like an escape. "A safety valve," he says. "It's a safety valve, yeah. Because you think, like, 'Well, they'll be sorry one day when they see how I do on my own.' Ego is good and bad to Clapton. 'I mean,' the guitarist adds, 'it's an Ego business. If I didn't have an ego, I wouldn't be where I am. If I didn't have an ego I would see it for what it is and chuck it all.'"

When he puts together a new group, Clapton will seek people with whom he clicks personally as well as musically.

"It's really both the same thing," he says. "You see, the Cream clicked on another level. The Cream clicked on a sort of social warfare thing; the music is based on that. It's based on conflict. Our personality relationship is based upon conflict. We do the things we do together because of one-upmanship. Stuff like that." After Cream, Clapton wants a relationship with his fellow musicians that will combine harmony, unity, peace.

So does Jack Bruce, who was feeling entirely uncomfortable in the face of the renewed tension with his colleagues. He almost had refused to do the tour, he says, but decided to do it because the money was appealing, and because, despite all the hassles, "the emotional conflict of the music makes it interesting to do."

It also makes it impossible to do, in the long run. For instance, ask Ginger Baker where his music is going, and his major point is that he prefers not to make plans or predictions in advance. "I'd rather just sit down and let things happen," the drummer says. But social



warfare got in Baker's way. "Certainly, I couldn't go on with this thing (Cream), the way it is."

All three thought the group would enjoy a good success from the beginning, but only Baker seems to have felt it would be as big as it has been. For Clapton it was a "total reversal" of what he'd guessed. "We didn't think we could crack America. We thought we'd be stars in England and, like, scratch the surface in America. We never thought we'd be stars here and scratch the surface in England."

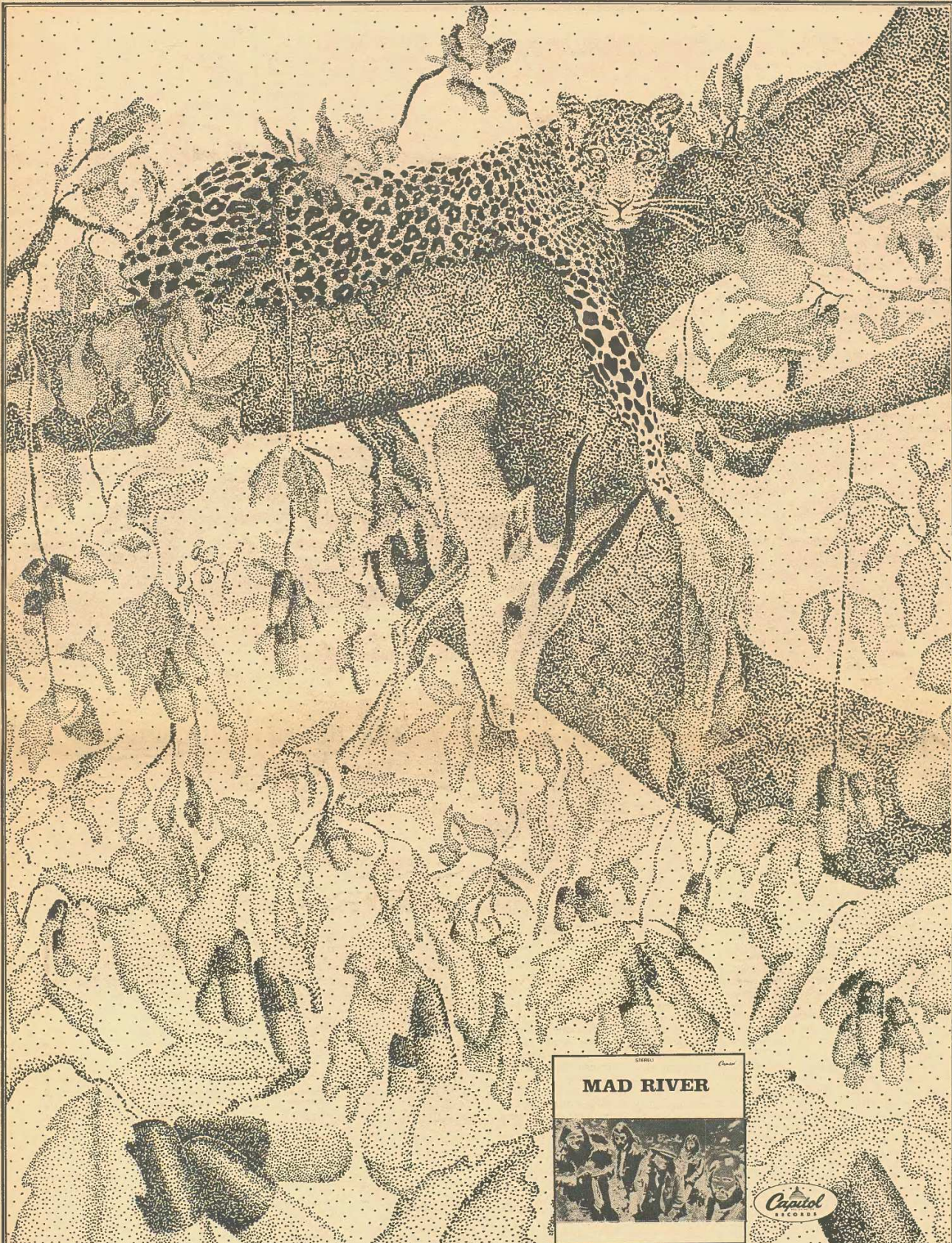
"We all thought," says Bruce, "sort of there must be somebody in America who's ahead of us. We were all very of the others."

Cream are three markedly different people. Of the three, only Clapton appears truly to relish the super-star status Cream has provided him. Asked whether all the non-musical promotional nonsense got on his nerves, Clapton says:

"If you're going to question all the bullshit you go through to get to be popular—I mean, you can question the fact of being popular. You know, it all fits together. It's fairly important to me, because I've reached this level where I've attained a certain amount of popularity and it's very important to me to stay on that level. Because that's obviously a sign. If I'm that popular it must mean something. Yeah, it's a sign of good communication."

Popularity has put Clapton into a

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much different social perspective than he occupied two years ago. He is candid about this. Pre-Cream, pre-Yardbirds, five years ago, Clapton was virtually the first British pop musician to get into heavy blues. "And it was scorned. They thought I was joking. I guess. People had a name for it: 'purist.' And I felt like a spade. Because no one dug it; no one had any interest in it, and I felt like a real minority, number one minority. So I did identify with the guys in America who were in the same position."

Now that Clapton's attained "a pop-star level," that's all changed. "I feel the pressures that they feel," he says, meaning others in his pop-star class. An analogy: "It's like suddenly if you were to become very rich overnight, you'd suddenly feel—you wouldn't hate yourself—you'd suddenly feel sympathetic toward other people who were rich. Because you'd suddenly acquire all the material problems that they have."

Exit the Neo-Spade phase of the Life of Eric Clapton.

Jack Bruce never thought of himself as a star. "The whole thing makes me feel uncomfortable, you know." How? "Just because I'm a musician. I think of myself as a craftsman. All the other bits upset me. The adulation bit. It's not the way I like it."

In the galaxy that separates Bruce and Clapton on the issue of popularity, Ginger Baker fits in mid-way (just a couple of degrees beyond Oris). He digs all of it: being a musician, being a good musician, getting paid a lot of money for it, and receiving the adulation of the masses.

The "Farewell Tour" which began the first week of October (in Oakland) takes Cream to fourteen cities, winding up November 2 at Madison Square Garden and November 3 in Baltimore. Then maybe a final Farewell at Albert Hall in London, shortly thereafter. And then all that will remain of Cream is the profits—plus a final LP, which is being recorded during the tour.

What each of the Cream, individually, will do next is a matter of no small concern. Collectively, with their long rampaging improvisations, Cream, in all their virtuoso glory, gave rock a new dimension, carried the music in a direction parallel to jazz—some critics called it jazz, and the Cream themselves don't argue—and set new standards, which other, less innovative groups adopted as their own. How many dozen Clapton imitators are there? And the rhythm feeling that Bruce and Baker synthesized is everybody's property now.

Clapton's plans are the most varied. He's planning to do a movie with Barry Feinstein and Alan Paris, who made *You Are What You Eat*, to be filmed in Utah (or Nowhere, for purposes of the movie). It will be long, plotless and weird, with a Big Secret punchline that has to be kept secret. Clapton is also going to record, and perform with many and various combinations of instruments and players—perhaps including Baker and Bruce, since they are, in Clapton's continuing estimation, the best on their axes in England or the U.S. For his future recordings, "There won't be any strict personnel lineup. For the album I'll make, it'll just be whatever fits. If I have a song, that's how it'll start. Just do what I want with each song. Just call up whoever seems to fit on that song, and have everybody and anybody—strings, whatever. Whatever I fancy." He'll probably not do any album in any single character. "I'll do do as many bags as I can with what I've got, you know."

But Clapton plans to stick close by his roots. "I'll make for a very simple rock and roll bag and work off that. A lot of the time, I'll be using just piano and bass and drums and augmenting it here and there. But who knows? I might do a tour with fifty strings or something, a whole huge ensemble, and make them play Chuck Berry riffs." Chuck Berry figures in Clapton's future very prominently. "For me, the biggest one in the beginning was Chuck Berry. And I went right off him to the roots of that, and now I come back again. I just dig him again. The way he made his records. The sound of his records. Not just him, but the whole atmosphere that came out of his records, like the way the piano player played, or the drummer... Very, very, you know—too much!"

Clapton will risk every penny he's made with Cream—or so he says—on the movie project. "It's like Russian Roulette," he says. "It's, like, the big-

gest project I've ever—it's like all the fantasies I ever had, to put into one film." He'll produce the film, but will not appear in it, feeling he's not cut out for movies—"I'm a very introvert person").

Jack Bruce's future activities all revolve around music—new music, more difficult and more exacting, farther out, and potentially a good deal less popular. Bruce has already cut an entirely instrumental LP, tentatively called *Things We Like*, with a four-man lineup including a guitarist from Newcastle (right near the Northern border, almost in Scotland, which is Bruce's turf) named Johnnie McLaughlin. "I think he's the finest guitarist in the world," says Bruce, without qualification, adding that there's no describing what McLaughlin plays, you've got to hear it. Bruce plays acoustic, stand-up bass on the recording, instead of amplified. The texture of the group is consequently softer than Cream.

It shifts time signatures from bar to bar, has only two songs with chord changes, and is so free and far-out that Bruce thinks it may not be easy to get a record company to handle it. "They'll probably reckon it won't sell, I dunno." It's not exactly jazz, but it's in that direction, which is not surprising, when you consider that the big influences on Bruce have all been jazz players—Charlie Mingus first, then Jimmy Blanton, and now Charlie Hayden, who first came to prominence with Ornette Coleman, and who is, Bruce says, "the finest there is."

Bruce has also done some electronic music—*musique concrete*, to be precise—and will continue to expand in this direction. One of his things has a seven-year-old reading an eleven-year-old's poem, with various chunks and bits of sound in counterpoint, to heighten the experience.

All Bruce wants is music. "I've come to realize that the whole thing is meaningless. The whole success thing is just totally meaningless. You have to learn



that for yourself. But the height of my desire is to be as good a musician as I can be. Nothing else. That's my life."

Ginger Baker has made no plans, except, in general, to work more into African and Indian things, for their rhythmic subtlety and flexibility. He most definitely will steer clear of jazz. Though he digs Elvin Jones, Roy Haynes and some of the things the Don Ellis band is into, Baker says jazz "is an entirely different sort of music for an entirely different sort of audience." He'll work at playing different metres—especially 7/4 and 5/4, which Baker describes as "natural" times. "There's a hell of a lot of people that have tried to get on that thing," says Baker, "and they usually come unstuck because it doesn't sound natural the way they do it. It sounds like everybody is going one-two-three-four-five." The way the jazz players do it doesn't please Baker because "the over-complicate it." He wants to go the other way. "The simpler you play the better it is." He may start his own group—"I ain't dead yet"—but, on the other hand, his days in the rock business are numbered, by Baker's own accounting.

"The way I play, I'm gettin' a bit old, you know. It's something you need a lot of energy for and you need to be pretty fit," says Ginger Baker, age twenty-nine. "I can't see myself playing more than another three or four years, the way I play now. It's just that I've been thirteen years at it." But Elvin Jones is 40 or 45 years old, or something. "Yeah," says Baker, "but—I don't wanna be playing when I'm that old."

By now, the gossip, the myth and various reports of all the hassles Cream

have put themselves through—one hears of everything from insults to fist-fights—are well known. All the cries of plagiarism ("If you copy somebody else," Clapton said, "you're paying him tribute"), all the critics who said Cream couldn't sing (Baker thinks his singing on "Blue Condition" all but ruined the tune; Bruce says: "Never thought of myself as a singer"). So there's no reason to root through all that again. Particularly now, at the hour of parting and farewell. It's more enlightening to ask Cream where they think rock is headed in the future.

Eric Clapton on country music: "Well, we all know where that came from. The country influence. That's the people that're wrong, that're following. It came from the Dylan tapes and Big Pink. And anybody can get on that bandwagon. You just have to listen to the record and do what you think from it. But it's not being yourself. They're wrong for following trends." (Clapton did, however; have the warmest praise for the Band's guitarist, Robbie Robertson: "Unimprovable!")

Baker on playing free time: "It should happen automatically. You don't think about it, you just feel it. Don Ellis—well, he's using it, but he's using it too much, as far as I'm concerned. He doesn't get back to the four thing. He says with five or seven all the time. If you come back to ordinary time after the fives and the sevens, it becomes exciting. If you just play it over and over, it doesn't. Got to vary it."

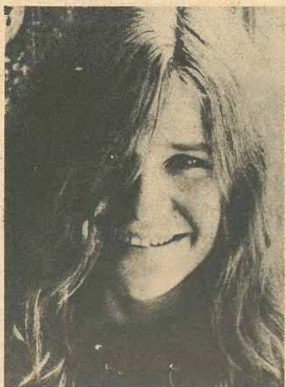
Jack Bruce: "The blues is very interesting because it's the first Western music that's become a standardized thing, you know. If you take Indian music, each phrase they play is predetermined almost, and the blues is like that. It's just that it doesn't have as wide a repertoire of licks, if you like. They haven't seemed to happen. That's one of the things that disappointed me, the slowness of things happening. The blues. The white groups especially, they just seem to try to sound black, try to sound authentic, and that's the epitome of their aims. And that's a drag, because the music should be expanded."

Clapton: "It's a question of refinement. Like, for instance, the guitar as an instrument has reached a saturation point; if you're not really, really, really good—forget it at the outset. Because there's so many around. It's obviously become, you know, the Western sitar. It's equivalent to what the sitar was in India, years and years—thousands of years ago. So it's got to be taken: whoever the masters are at the moment, they've got to become the gurus; they've got to refine it, to make it stay there. Otherwise, it's going to just be thousands of guitarists who are all playing the same thing."

Bruce: "Well, the way I see the future is that everybody in the world is so artistic—I mean absolutely everybody in the world—and everybody should be playing things. Everybody should be writing things, and I'm sure this'll happen. And that's when there'll be a new Golden Age. When there aren't audiences and there aren't performers, really. Just all one thing."

Will that happen in our lifetimes?

"Not," says Jack Bruce, "in our lifetime, no. I think it's a nice thought, though. I think it would be nice."



BY TONY GLOVER

MINNEAPOLIS — On their recent "farewell" tour, Big Brother and the Holding Company even got as far as Minneapolis. Outside, the hippie-heads are floating towards the theatre. The new wave here is dropouts with bread, and

you can see it on their backs; expensive patterned shirts, boots, and pseudo-Joplin shawls, even a Ken Kesey fan who's wearing a flag as a cape. Most all of the tickets were sold in advance, so there are hawkers and hustlers there, everybody trying to score. For Minneapolis this is more than a concert, it's a gathering of the faithful, to share a trip together.

The main trip is Janis Joplin, the little girl with the Big voice, all the way from Port Arthur to Life magazine, famous for a life style as much as a music. One critic said that hearing her sing when she was in top form was "like getting laid, lovingly and well." I remember a record store salesman telling of a middle-aged cat with an armful of classical albums coming to the desk while *Cheap Thrills* was playing, nodding towards it and saying, "Janis Joplin!"

It seems that Big Brother has surfaced, so the audience at the concert



was a mixture of those who were, or knew someone who was, at Monterey, and those who follow the mass-media concept of current life scenes.

My friend John, the road manager, shows up in a Hertz station wagon at 7:15, he's dropped the band at the front door. We zoom in backstage, past the guard, and the Guthrie Theatre people get uptight when John asks them to let the band in the front way.

"They'll have to come around back," a turtle-neck medallion says firmly.

"Well, I'd rather not have them walk all that way with their instruments and accumulating people, you understand," John says in that mixture of patience and exasperation common to road managers. There are a few words exchanged, but the hassle is settled when the band comes walking in thru the auditorium, and then heads downstairs for the dressing rooms. The equipment has already been set up on stage and David Getz heads immediately for his drums, knocking out a few tentative riffs.

The rest of the band stalks into the dressing rooms, past a rack in the hall full of costumes from some Shakespeare thing that had been running at the theatre. "It's cold in here!" somebody complains, and John goes to see about shutting the air conditioning off.

Janis is like her pictures, only more so, regal and funky at the same time. She spies a cape and hat, swashbuckling style, and tries it on in the mirrors. "Wow man, I look like a goddam king!" she shouts in triumph. She finds a sword and waves it around menacingly. "Okay varlet," she commands imperiously to the air. "Bring me thirteen pretty boys and line 'em up against this wall, RIGHT NOW!" On the table in her dressing room is the standard fifth of Southern Comfort, waiting.

In the other dressing room James Gurley is playing some flamenco runs, getting loose. On stage Sam Andrews is setting his guitar level.

A very neat young man with umbrella in hand appears in front of Janis and hands her a copy of his local magazine, he's talking fast and smooth. Janis peers out from under her borrowed hat:

"No man, I don't do interviews anymore," she says, "They were all beginning to sound alike, so what's the point? Talk to the band..." He adjusts his umbrella and approaches the others. Janis smiles and shakes her head.

The audience is filing in. One can hear the rustle and murmur over the monitor speakers near the ceiling. John bustles past at controlled road-manager urgency. Peter Albin asks what the sound is like. "Don't worry man," John

—Continued on Page 30



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PERSPECTIVES: THE REDISCOVERY OF THE BLUES

BY RALPH J. GLEASON

As I was saying . . .

One of the major musical events of the past year—Rolling Stone's first year of publication—has been the re-discovery of the blues by white America.

Re-discovery is the word, because the blues were discovered once before by white America and then forgotten.

In the Thirties, the blues market (on Bluebird and Champion and Vocalion and Okeh and a scattering of other small, subsidiary labels) was thought of primarily as a black market. Blues records were never played on the air in the North (I don't know about the South but I suspect not there, either) because blues songs generally were not published by the recognized publishing companies who were members of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers and, strange to think of today, radio stations were cautious about playing recordings of songs for which there was no formal clearance. If you didn't publish with an accepted, ASCAP publisher, how could you be cleared? Right?

But the emergence of swing music via Count Basie and Benny Goodman meant the emergence of swing style blues (Basie's original repertoire was 90% blues). Jimmy Rushing, Basie's singer, turned on a lot more white kids to the blues, probably, than did the Woody Guthrie—Almanac Singers—Leadbelly group—at the end of the Thirties. Basie reached the public. The folk singers were then truly an esoteric minority.

From digging Rushing and Basie, it was only a step to picking up on other blues, either from stores in the ghetto or by special order from the record manufacturers. Blind Boy Fuller, Leroy Carr, Petie Wheatstraw (The Devil's Son In Law), old Paramount discs of Blind Lemon and Ma Rainey, Andy Boy on Blue Bird and Joe Pullum, the Harlem Hamfats on Decca and dozens of others.

Leadbelly, who was short and stocky when you actually looked at him but gave the impression of being huge, was only one. The Library of Congress

records (including one by McKinley Morganfield, now known as Muddy Waters) showed there were hundreds of others. The blues had a message and the blues had a feeling and a whole world to tell of.

One night at Cafe Society, the first integrated night club in downtown New York (the famous Harlem clubs were for white folks and the downtown clubs didn't let in blacks), the great pianist James P. Johnson, an urban musician who was an early jazz player and a contemporary of Jelly Roll Morton and the teacher of Fats Waller, sat at the piano. He had written a number of blues numbers. It's his piano on the haunting Bessie Smith "Backwater Blues" as well as on many by Rosetta Crawford and other singers.

James P. sat there for a minute before he played and the audience started calling out requests. "Play the blues!" someone shouted and the audience took it up and chanted "Play the blues." And James P. suddenly stamped his feet and yelled "I don't WANT to play the blues!"

Not for one minute do I think that he disliked the blues. He played too well and wrote too well for that. All I think happened is that the stereotype of the black man playing the blues got to him at that moment when he wanted, as a musician, to do something else for a change.

Later, by a few years, after I had packed my shelves with the aforementioned blues items and hundreds more (we used to pick them up for a nickel at used shops on upper Broadway where the Harlem juke boxes disgorged them, raunchy-sounding and dusty-looking from wear and lousy needles) and listened to them for hours and hours and hours, I wanted something else, too.

I want something else right now.

The worst thing that has happened to San Francisco rock has been the success of the Chicago blues bands which came here. Now you can't have a rock concert without four out of five bands playing four out of five (or sometimes five out of five) blues. It is a bore, to say the least.

You can, of course, do great things with the blues.

Duke Ellington took the blues and wove them into symphonies and concertos and operettas. Count Basie moulded the blues into a whole big band style.

But what is happening now is that the same basic formula is being used over and over and over. There is no progress, musical or otherwise.

I am convinced that the naturally inquisitive nature of musicians will remedy this in the long run. The first attempts have already been made. But the mere addition of horns, unless they are used imaginatively, doesn't change much.

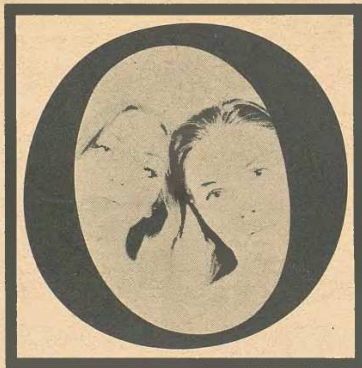
American audiences are getting a crash course in music via the palaces of rock like the Fillmore. There is a logical procession from Big Bill to John Lee Hooker to Muddy Waters to James Brown to Otis Redding to Sam & Dave, with all the corollaries from Roy Acuff through Jerry Lee Lewis and Elvis on up to the Beatles, with the cross-fertilization and the rest.

This country is so big that these things all went on in the past simultaneously and, generally, were ignored outside their native environment. The perspective of England was better. They could see, and hence hear, more clearly and the importation of musicians for concert tours was done in a more logical and historically more truthful continuity. Here it is all coming at us in flashes and bursts and the Jimi Hendrix fan does not know of T. Bone Walker, to say nothing of Charlie Christian or Bud Scott.

In the end, it will work out. Art finds its own way and history seems to shout it at us that art cannot be stopped. There will be more imaginative and creative uses made of the blues form and there will be explorations into more venturesome kinds of things by musicians now playing nothing but the blues. It is a natural development and I urge it on.

The blues experience, musically and socially to the extent that it can be absorbed socially, cannot help but do good. At the very last, the past couple of years shows that white middle class kids can now keep time.

And that's no small bit of progress all by itself.



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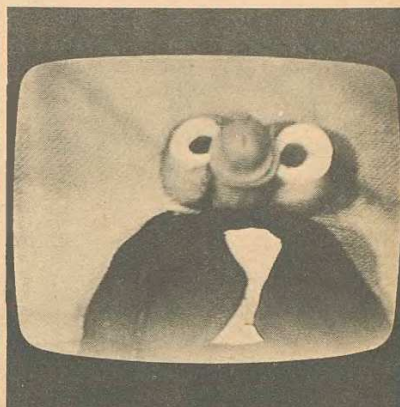
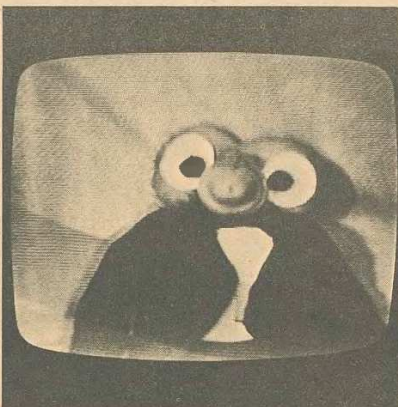
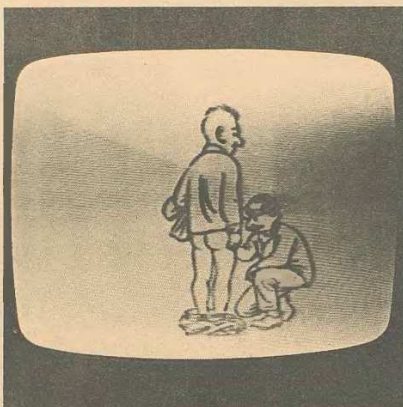
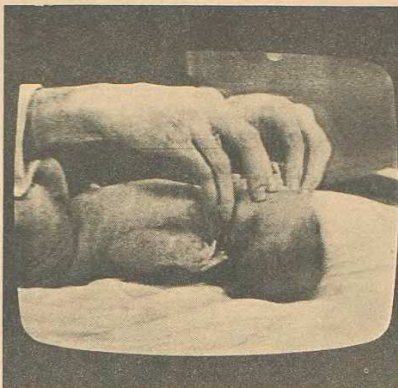
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ELLIOT LANDY

UNDERGROUND TV

BY TOM PHILLIPS

NEW YORK—Channel One, the world's first and only underground television station, is located in the middle of a grimy and desolate stretch of East Fourth Street, half a block from the Bowery. Outside is a huge yellow banner with a test pattern on it, and inside is a unique theatre of about a hundred seats in a flattened horse-shoe shape, grouped around three television monitors which are suspended over a gravel pit.

The show—the Safety Sam Show, Channel One's second full-length production—is a series of sabotage jobs on every kind of home TV programming, interspersed with relaxed, almost Warholian scenes of Channel One people sitting around, dancing, rapping, pulling down their pants, etc. Some of the travesties had various members of the audience falling off their seats the night I went. Two of the best were a Les Crane-type interview with the "mahayani," a familiar eastern divine who kept giggling, flicking flowers at the camera and falling out of the Lotos position as he mumbled about "the deepness of the inner core of one's mind"; and a tape of Lyndon Johnson's 1968 State of the Union message, with his proud account of the South Vietnamese "elections" interrupted by titters and belly laughs instead of applause.

There were also some commercials, such as "Alex of Cambridge," a marijuana tester, and the Uranus Company's pitch for "Brown 25," a new lumpy sub-

stance said to be as strong as steel yet contain all the nourishment in a pound of beef stew. The show winds up with a public service message from the National Health Board—a venereal disease warning delivered by a cleverly disguised set of male genitalia: "VD can be licked."

The founder, proprietor, producer and star of Channel One is Kenneth Shapiro, a slightly pudgy and unassuming 26-year-old who is ideally suited for this type of work, being probably the world's foremost TV head. Not only did he receive early training from Howdy Doody and Captain Video, he was actually on television in its early days, a child actor on the drama hours and a regular on the Milton Berle show (the "don't bodda me, kid" kid). Shapiro today dismisses this period of his life with little more than two words ("my mother") but it must be said that growing up on the other side of the cameras has given him some unique stylistic advantages. In his various bits on the Channel One show he displays a certain McLuhanesque "cool," the same kind of mildness and stretched-out sense of pace that makes you feel so at home with Johnny Carson or Eugene McCarthy.

At any rate, it was just about two years ago that Shapiro, a founding dropout from the Columbia Graduate School of Comparative Religion, learned that the SONY company was putting out a home videotape

set. He went out and snapped one up, called up a few friends, and things have proceeded pretty logically since then. Channel One is now in its second year, with a new production planned for late this year. The equipment and the crew are still makeshift and amateur, but things are looking up financially and Shapiro's main project is to get Channel One up to a professional level technically.

Underground TV has yet to make a big splash with New York critics. Stephanie Harrington of the Village Voice complained of what she felt was an over-reliance on bathroom and sex jokes in the current show. And Dan Sullivan of the Times said last year that while Channel One was racier than home TV, most of the bits "make fun of television no more incisively than TV itself has been doing for years."

Both criticisms have something to them, and at this point I would say that underground television remains in a state of being a great idea, a flash of genius. Right now it may not be as clever and smooth as Rowan and Martin, but it has one supreme advantage over home TV, and that is real freedom. Rowan and Martin may be getting more and more liberal and more and more risqué, but God help them if they ever slip and do something in "bad taste." Kenneth Shapiro doesn't have to worry about that. Given a little luck and some natural growth, he could wind up outlasting Ed Sullivan.

Is it necessary
to talk of "fusions of traditional
folk forms," "musical innovations,"
"collective explorations,"
and the like?

Answer "no" in sixty words or less,
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those you love.

- John Peel

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BOOKS

Bound For Glory by Woody Guthrie:
E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, 1968,
\$6.95.

BY JOHN GRISSIM, JR.

Woody Guthrie mirrored the life and times of the American generation which preceded ours — an era in which the end of the world fell into the Dustbowl; when boom towns in the Mid-West sprang up and withered away with the fortunes of the oil fields they nurtured; and the forces of nationalism were gearing up for the century's second paroxysm of destruction. It was a time in which there still seemed plenty of room in the world, and California was still a promised land as yet untouched and unchoked by the urban sprawl. One didn't have to keep up with current events to survive.

Bound For Glory, an incredibly vivid picture of the American Mid-West during the twenties and thirties, told by a young man whose narrative style equalled Mark Twain at his best—whose vision and humor would have secured him a place in the national heritage had he never raised his voice in song—was first published 25 years ago. The book has recently been re-issued, confirming its value as an immensely rewarding excursion into American folk history.

When he completed the account of his life in 1943, Woody Guthrie was only 31 and on the brink of national recognition as the country's most important singer-composer of folk music. Yet he was not destined to attain the stature of a Super Star, never to be propelled into the national consciousness by a media blitz technique which had yet to be invented. Nor would he have submitted to such prolonged exposure had it been possible. Having made several recordings for RCA just before the war, Woody abandoned any plans for a career in show business and instead opted for a life of hitch hiking and riding the



rails, a pastime which consumed much of his later autobiographical years.

Roughly half the book revolves around Woody's early years as a boy in Okemeh, Oklahoma—a lively, humorous thoroughly engaging narrative. His father was a shrewd and aggressive real estate broker whose pugnacious and not always above board dealings kept the family well to do. Though life was largely a glorious discovery, Woody at an early age sensed his mother's aversion to his father's callous approach to business and family. Then in quick succession a speculative land deal fell through and left the Guthrie family almost penniless. Woody's sister died in a kitchen fire, a tragedy which gave his mother a nervous breakdown. The family was forced to place her in an asylum.

Through all the calamity, Woody somehow was able to extract from life the joys of youth and sense the magnitude and beauty of his world. His imagery is lyrical, home-spun and ridiculously authentic. One day in his back yard he discovered that "the few limbs in the top of the trees weren't as big as a broom stick, and the wind was whirling me around up there like I was the last big walnut of the season."

When his father got a job and was in high spirits, "the world got twice as big and four times brighter. Flowers changed colors, got taller, more of them. The sun talked and the moon sung tenor. Mountains rubbed bellies, and rivers tore loose to have picnics."

But with his mother gone and his father a broken man barely able to earn a subsistence for his family, Woody was forced to plunge headlong into the outside world. He tells of his hustling days as a newspaper hawk in the streets of Okemeh during the oil boom. Gambling halls, saloons, whore houses, jails and seedy hotel lobbies became his stomping grounds. It didn't take him long to sell his papers to free spending drunks whom he convinced they could make enormous profits by yelling out phony headlines such as "corn likker found to be good medicine." A few run-ins with the town sheriff and Woody switched to junk collecting and living in abandoned shacks, his life quickly reduced to a gut level existence, full of sickness and hunger.

In real adversity he managed to maintain a remarkable spirit and optimism. He learned to live comfortably with a rough and tumble existence, with hard work, hard people and a kind of Puritan ethic devoid of hypocrisy and sham. Somewhere along the way he learned to play guitar and harmonica. Woody mentions offhandedly that he was now and again able to earn a few coins by singing and playing. His songs obviously said what people wanted to hear:

I never did make up many songs about cow trails or the moon skipping through the sky, but at first it was funny songs of what all's wrong, and how it turned out good or bad. Then I got a little braver and made up songs telling what I thought was wrong and how to make it right, songs that said what everybody in that country was thinking.

He hit the road for the first of many odysseys in his early twenties, largely relying on hard riding freight trains filled with kindred souls—a clutch of humanity of every imaginable stripe.

Hoboes in a box car; rougher than a cop. Wilder than a woodchuck. Hotter

than a depot stove. Arguing worse than a tree full of crows. Messed up. Mixed up. Screwed up people. A crazy boxcar on a wild track. Headed sixty miles an hour in a big cloud of poison dust due straight to nowhere.

Criss-crossing the country, Woody outran railroad bulls, slept in empty reefer cars and under bridges, tried to rustle up some work for a meal in Tucson (impossible), and in the process became the best transient hobo guitar picker and occasional sign painter in the country:

Some people liked me, hated me, walked with me, walked over me, jeered me, cheered me, rooted me and hooted me, and before long I was invited in and kicked out of every public place of entertainment in that country.

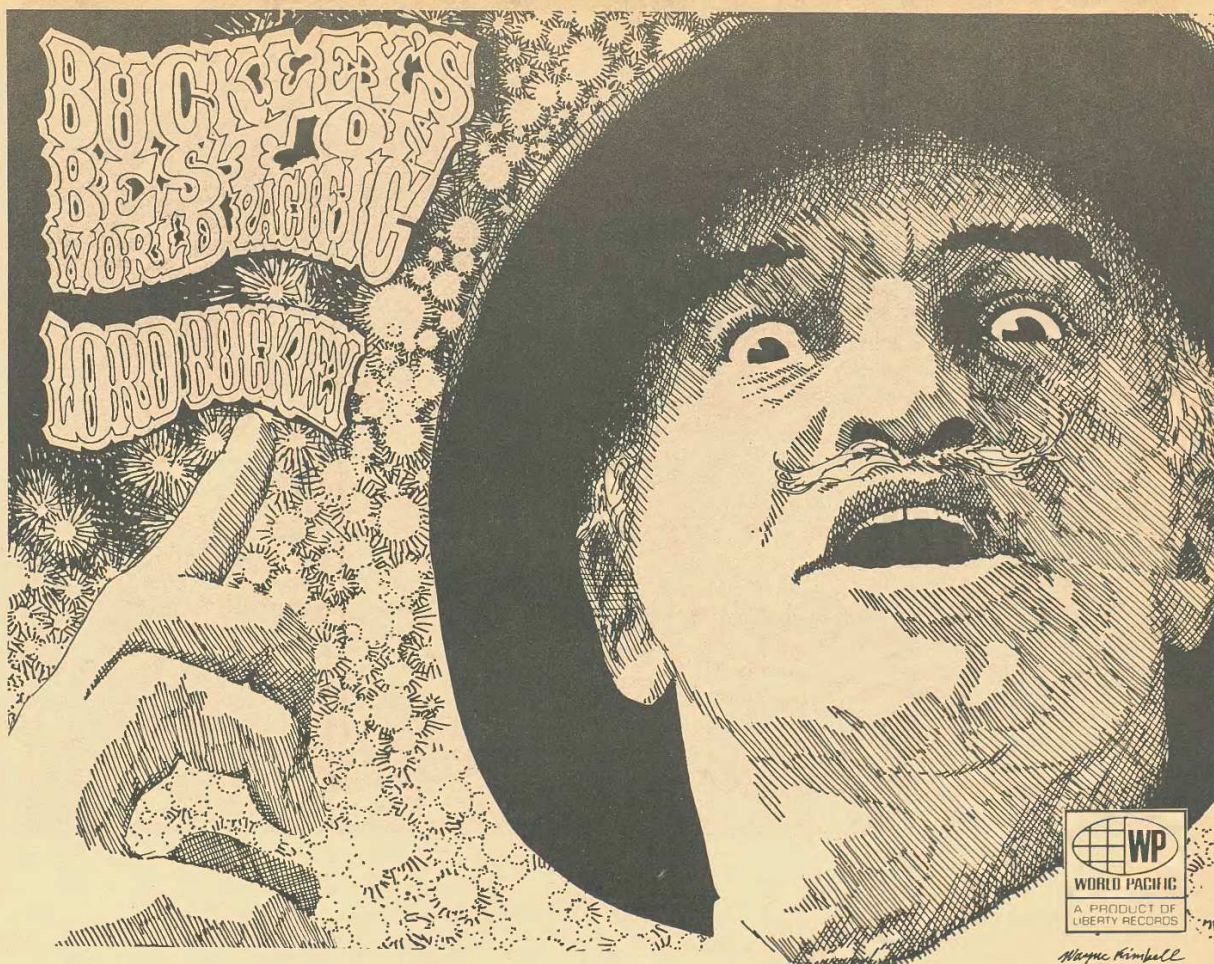
If the hard riding, free-wheeling life nurtured Woody's growth as a singer-composer, its effect on his narrative style was no less salutary. Descriptively, Guthrie's accounts of hoboes and dustbowl refugees surpass the poignancy of *Grapes of Wrath*. The country he saw was projected upon its people with a deft fusion of mood and color:

I look at their hair, and it was dry, wind-blown, gritty and full of the dust out of a storm, and not any certain wave or color — just the color of the whole country.

The wind ripping through oil splattered weeds sounded "like a truck climbing a mountain in second gear." A road ahead "shines like a string of tinfoil flattened out." Nature is often anthropomorphic as he describes the fog "trying to get a hammerlock on the houses along the high places. Patches of damp clouds whiffed along the paving in crazy, disorganized little bunches, hunting some more clouds to work with." The way Woody sees things is so damn satisfying. He scoops up metaphors directly from the hard soil before him; speaks of his role as a man with uncomplicated straightforwardness; and somehow makes it all still seem possible, even now.

Though he rarely alludes to political attitudes, his vision of humanity and

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BANDS: DUST TO DUST

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answers. "It's the best you ever heard. Segovia would play here without a PA, right?" Peter nods. "It's like a recording trip, huh?" John agrees and Peter goes next door and plugs his bass into the tuning amp and proceeds to tighten up on it.

Janis is out in the hallway making *en garde* thrusts with the sword when the backstage cop comes in. His eyes widen a little, then he grins slightly and goes to see that everything is on the up and up. It is, and he goes away. Janis looks like a little kid who's been caught carving her initials in a desk for a moment, then she remembers who she is and laughs.

The band comes onstage and final-tunes in the darkness. Then! the spotlight hits the door, and Janis strolls out, thunderous applause accompanying her as she makes her way to the mike. Just as she reaches it there's a resounding crash from the band, and they're into "Piece Of My Heart."

Janis screams, moans and coo's lyrics, stomping and posing like an imperious whore, stroking her mike, whipping her hair around . . . the audience is rolling around in the palm of her hand. The band takes long instrumental breaks, more freak-rock than blues (including James eating his guitar), but Janis and the band come right together and drive each other further. At one point the top of the mike stand comes loose and it's flopping around. Janis tries to fix it.

"Got a screwdriver?" she asks the band. "Or a dime?" Nobody does. "Throw change," she says half-sarcastically to the audience and it rings down on the stage. She picks out a dime and gets the stand straightened out. Into more sounds, and after one heavy number she's out of breath, panting. Peter Albin, the bassman, says "Now we're doing an imitation of Lasse." The audience laughs, but Janis flashes him a look and mutters something. One more song and the first half is over.

Janis is on a chair backstage, screaming at John: "Man, he called me a dog! On stage, in front of everybody. I don't have to take that shit!"

"The audience thought it was funny," John says.

"Well, I don't, goddamit!" She was in a total rage; vibrations are what they call bad. The band has been on the road, jammed in planes and hotels and dressing rooms together for five days straight. Nerves wear thin.

On top of that, Janis had shortly before given the band notice that she was splitting to go solo, although it had not yet then been publicly announced. In the dressingroom, Peter is muttering: "Man she don't have to come down on me like that onstage, she's got no right to do that!"

"Listen," John is back and forth trying to cool it out, "you both said something you shouldn't have, but why not forget it? It's been a very groovy evening so far, let's try and keep it that way, huh?"

More snarls from both sides, and Janis demands a cup of whiskey. Umbrella man comes back with a photographer. He hangs up his coat, wipes his brow carefully and tells the cameraman what to shoot, meanwhile asking things like "Who is Janis's favorite poet?"

"Ask her," is the reply. Tension is heavy right up to when the stage man calls "places." "People are getting impatient," he says tiredly. "It's all right," says David, "they're as patient as the day is long." The door is closed and John is reasoning with them.

Remember, fame is a hard trip. From a backup band playing second bills to heavy gigs for heavy bread in less than

a year takes its toll in more ways than one.

First there's the continual pressure to be great; no matter where you are or how you feel, you have to be right on—or the word goes out that you've gone lame. And the fans; everybody wants to turn your on to their trip—which is fine for them, but carrying on every night with different people in a different town can bring you down.

And the downtown press, coming on all blasé and bitter—"Well you look like freaks to me, but I got this assignment, what'd you say your name was?" The questions, the same old questions, and they all should be answered just like it was the first time you ever were asked.

Add the straights hard-timing you in the hotels, the airports, the restaurants, the toilets, count up all the hours of sleep you'll never get back, all the rotten meals, all the muzak, in the elevators, in the lobbies, and it's hard to see why everybody doesn't just flip out completely.

Fame and fortune is no easy ride. Just get on board for a few months and see where your head is at. But until then watch out, "lest you wind up on this road . . ." So the atmosphere is a bit explosive.

The band is onstage, but no Janis. I wonder if she's decided not to go on—finally somebody calls out "Janis, come out and play," and she makes her way slowly onstage. But she's professional thru and thru, nobody can tell there's been a hassle. She sails thru the old and new numbers, her back to Peter. They finish with the classic "Ball and Chain." Janis is in cathartic agony as she wraps herself around the song—she whips the mike out of the stand and it topples over. The song closes with her voice solo, and as she sobs out the last note she tosses the mike to the floor, drained.

And it's over, but the audience is standing and clapping and clapping. So the band comes back with the uptempo "Down On Me." Then it's really over and the audience, fulfilled, streams out, some heading for the backstage door to wait for the band, others to gather out front and rap about who's doing what where and for how much.

In the dressing rooms the scene is bad, if not worse. The words are the kind that have to do with deeper things than the hassle itself. John is trying to get everybody together to escape back to the hotel. Finally it's decided to use the front door because there are less people there. Janis is tired, depressed and doesn't want to talk to anybody. The wagon pulls up, she walks out to it. The kids there hardly notice, they're looking for the band as a unit.

"Have you ever been in love?" Janis asks me, stepping in the wagon. "Well, I haven't," she says, "that's why these hassles are so bad—the only love I have is with the audience, and that's my whole life. Man I ain't got anything else!"

The band finally arrives, signs a few autographs and splits. There's a whole little train of cars and bikes, including a chick with long blonde hair in a VW, and she's right on the bumper of the wagon all the way. John makes some half-hearted attempts to lose her, but she ends up right in front of the hotel with the band. She gets out, and poses calmly against her car, looking as though she's been there all night, and *Wham!* she's in earnest conversation with Sam.

There's a party up, the band is going, but Janis cuts back to her room, all alone, not a word to anybody. John shrugs: "That's the way it goes down sometimes," he says.



the day music stopped

Imagine that all music suddenly has ceased to exist. Composers have stopped creating. Musicians are silent. The phonograph record is gone. People have stopped singing. A universal language has disappeared in the flash of a moment.

All over the world, the blow is shattering. In the United States the economic loss is beyond belief. 5,000 radio stations, deprived of the majority of their programming, are reducing their schedules or going off the air. Television producers are converting every existing program and every commercial with music to straight talk. Many sponsors are simply cancelling. The juke box is extinct. The recording industry has closed down. The music instrument manufacturing business is obsolete. 15,400,000 children who have been studying music no longer have any use for pianos or violins or woodwinds. The country's 1,436 symphony orchestras and 918 opera producing groups have disbanded. Most nightclubs, theaters, dance halls, concert halls, ballrooms have shuttered their windows. Hundreds of thousands of people who earn their living because of music are now unemployed. The tax loss is incalculable.

A fantasy? Yes, but it makes a point. Music is vitally important in all our lives, in terms of sheer economics as well as of culture.

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BOOKS: BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

—Continued from Page 28

social justice would today most certainly place him in the ranks of the Delano grape strikers, the Resistance, in short, the movement.

There is a brief but glorious moment in Woody's life which occurs 65 stories above New York streets in a nightclub office. He faces a bejeweled show business matron intent upon transforming him into a hay ride hick for the club circuit. Glancing out the window, he watches a sheet of newspaper blowing high in the wind, a picture and a story printed on it which might be read if it

ever touched the ground. He sees himself—blowing in the wind, and just as wild and whirling as your are, and lots of times I've been picked up, thrown down, and picked up. But my eyes has been my camera taking pictures of the world and my songs has been messages that I tried to scatter across the back sides and 'long the steps of the fire escapes and on the window sills and through the dark halls.

It was quite an elevator ride back down to where the human race was being run.

Unfinished Music No. 1. Two Virgins. Yoko Ono/John Lennon. Apple Records. May. 1968. 🍏 Made in Merr

"When two great Saints meet it is a humbling experience. The long battles to prove he was a Saint." - Paul McCartney



ie England.



JOHN LENNON



Dylan

FOR PRESIDENT



AWARDS FOR EXCELLENCE IN ADVERTISING

A Judge's Note:

For those of you who are unaware of the vastest extra-curricular activities of the advertising industry, art directors' exhibits are annual diversions from the normal function of selling products. They serve some function in allowing us to give awards to one another; perhaps because no one else is likely to. This particular exhibit is unlike the others primarily because the premise is different. The editors of Rolling Stone believe that the entire publication is, or should be, of quality, and of interest; not just the editorial pages opposite the advertisements.

For this reason we judged only those ads which had appeared in the pages of this publication during its first year of operation, and judged them only in terms of their visual merit leaving the quality of the product sold to the taste of the reviewers and buyers.

The purpose is simply to give recognition and encouragement to those advertising agencies, recording companies, radio stations, and others who show respect for our readers by the quality of their work.

For my part, I found it a refreshing change from the typical, rather incoherent, advertising exhibit. No one sent in entries, no one even knew their work was being judged. When no one is called, there is freedom for few to be chosen.

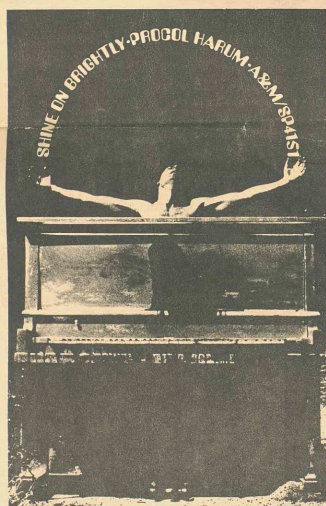
It is useless for me to compare the quality of these ads with those from general interest publications, but it does seem that they reflect a closer relationship between the subject and the reader. By this I mean that the graphics and copy seem to grow out of the music being advertised in the same way that the early rock posters did. Any excesses shown here are the excesses of the industry as a whole, and not simply the attempts to make something interesting out of tedium.

—EUGENE STERNER

Mr. Sterner, the Art Director of RAMPARTS MAGAZINE, judged the awards with Robert Kingsbury, Art Director of ROLLING STONE.



BEST ADVERTISEMENT OF SHOW (from the Centerpread, Issue One)
 Creative and Art Director: Tom Wilkes
 Photographer: Guy Webster
 Client: Buddah Records



BEST ADVERTISEMENT FOR AN ALBUM (from Issue 20)
 Art Director and Photographer: Tom Wilkes
 Client: A&M Records



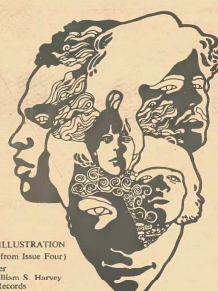
BEST NON-RECORD ADVERTISEMENT (from Issue 20)
 Artist: Adrienne Lebas
 Creative Director: Roger Ferrier
 Client: WNEW-TV/Metromedia Advertising



BEST USE OF PHOTOGRAPHY (from Issue 13)
 Creative Directors: John Berg and Dick Mantell
 Photographer: Hoto/Griener Studios
 Client: Columbia Records/Wunderman, Ricotta & Kline Advertising



BEST ADVERTISEMENT FOR AN ALBUM (from Issue 21)
 Artist: Kenneth Rignall
 Creative Director: Matt Wilder
 Client: Capitol Records/Anderson-McConnell Advertising



BEST USE OF ILLUSTRATION (from Issue Four)
 Artist: Bob Pepper
 Art Director: William S. Harvey
 Client: Elektra Records



SPECIAL AWARD FOR NON-ROCK ADVERTISING (from Issue 18)
 Photographer: Jay King
 Art Director: Ron Fennell
 Concept: Jim Ludwig
 Client: Mercury Records/MRC Advertising



BEST COPY IN ADVERTISEMENT (from Issue Eight)
 Writer: Stan Cornyn
 Client: Warner Brothers-Reprise Records/Michael Shere, Inc.
 Copy: "The World is wide with many things within, but none so rare as he, God Bless Tiny Tim."

RECORDS



The Second, Steppenwolf (Dunhill DS-50037)

Steppenwolf's first album was a pleasant surprise. In a season of mainly mediocre releases, even the best albums of recent months (with your choice of exceptions) suffered from a depressing unevenness and should have been much better. By comparison, Steppenwolf's first was a model of consistency which stood up well to repeated listening. While it opened up no new worlds of music, the album did demonstrate that the "known world" of hard rock and roll still contains fertile land to cultivate, rich veins to mine, and plenty of room to stake out a claim. As the trade papers might have said: "A solid first outing by a promising new group."

However, it is the *second* album which often transforms a "promising new group" into a "flash-in-the-pan hasbeen." Some such performers have talent and depth enough for only one good album. (It's been said that everyone has one good novel in him; the percentage for record albums is somewhat lower.) Other young musicians have difficulty "getting it together" when confronted with the pressures accompanying an initial success: traveling, concerts, interviews, business hassles, ego conflicts etc.

Happily, *The Second*, if it does not actually fulfill, certainly sustains the promise of the first LP. It shows not only that Steppenwolf is a very strong group, but that it has its own distinct identity. Musically, *The Second* is an extension and refinement of ideas present in the earlier effort. But it also exposes a few weaknesses.

Steppenwolf plays with a remarkable sense of musical economy combined with admirable taste. Virtually everything in their arrangements fits, and fits together. Each instrument complements the others; the music doesn't strain against itself, but moves ever forward. And this is mostly dense, hard-driving music, largely based upon shifting tempos and the interaction of several rhythmic levels. Listen to the first two verses of "Magic Carpet Ride" (the group's current single): The organ and bass are playing what might be called alternate drum lines, while the drummer plays yet another figure... very tight, tasty counterpoint.

John Kay, the lead singer, wrote most of the album's material. On two cuts he is assisted by Gabriel Mekler. Mekler is also responsible for "28," one of the best songs on the album. For the most part it is competent journeyman material. As a lyricist, Kay has some of Mick Jagger's ability to take a simple, banal, even non-grammatical phrase and make it work in the correct context. (Consider "I can't get no satisfaction.") "Don't Step on the Grass, Sam" is a good example of this. It's all about the "noble weed" and is a very amusing dope song... as dope songs go.

As a singer, Kay has a serviceable enough voice and can handle slow blues material satisfactorily. But it is his attack and phrasing on upbeat numbers which lend distinction to his performances. He is foremost a rhythm singer, just as the group is a rhythm band. His voice often functions as one more instrument, sometimes dominating, sometimes accompanying, but always interacting with the rest of the group.

There is, however, a certain lack of variety in Kay's singing and in his songs. On first listening, only a few individual tracks stand out from the others. Only on "Spiritual Fantasy" are the lyrics

adolescently pompous, and the addition of syrupy strings certainly does not help it.

The last five titles on side B are actually one long track, an attempt at a kind of "evolution of the blues." However, it should be noted that Steppenwolf is not really a blues band, any more than, say, the Rolling Stones are a blues band. They have successfully assimilated their blues influences to the point where these sources can be used or abandoned at will to create a unique musical expression. What we have here is more a tribute than an attempt at reconstruction.

The track opens with birds singing and an acoustic guitar picking country blues. Kay comes in, doing a credible job singing slow blues. The guitar moves into some Robert Johnson-like figures. Drums and bass, followed by a down-home piano, move in to fill out the bottom. The guitar shifts to bottleneck style as the tempo picks up.

By now we're up to early Chicago blues and an electric guitar comes in to underscore the fact. At this point the rhythm shifts and the piano is replaced by an organ playing more contemporary fills behind Kay's vocal. Then into a quasi-Memphis style section as the tempo gradually increases, culminating in a Kay variation on "Shake Your Money-maker." The side closes with a short, wistful coda which seems a little anticlimactic.

There are a few extended instrumental solos on the record, none particularly striking. Rather, Steppenwolf's forte is in the ensemble work, functioning as a group. If Steppenwolf continues to show the degree of improvement and consistency displayed here, the third album will be a monster. DAVID BUTCHER



Wham of That Memphis Man, Lonnie Mack (Fraternity F-1014)

The primary pillar supporting the thesis that the best things can come in the worst packages has always been my out-of-print Lonnie Mack album. At least it has been for the four years I've owned it and proselytized for one of the most underrated men in pop music.

Considering the album, though, it's hardly surprising. It's on the Fraternity label out of Cincinnati. But that's just the beginning of its troubles.

The cover, dull to the point of invisibility, is out of the early Eddy Arnold school. The picture of the band appears to be the graduation photo of a small class of insurance claims adjusters. The liner notes were done by the movie and night club critic of the Cincinnati Post & Times Star, who, if he may be judged by these notes, had already far exceeded his God-given talents. If that's not enough, it was done in 1963, back in the un-stone age. And, the title, *Wham of That Memphis Man*, if you looked long enough to read the title, only contributed to the very heavy impression of squareness.

But, beyond this formidable barrier are eleven superb, unbelievable cuts.

The tracks on the album, plus a few subsequent singles, represent something of a departure, although today their component parts sound stylistically familiar. Lonnie, who is from Indiana and has played almost exclusively in the mid-west, can be put into that 1950s, Elvis Presley—Roy Orbison, early-rock bag. But mostly for convenience. In total sound and in execution he was an innovator.

As far as I know, all of Lonnie Mack's singles were instrumentals. Two of them made it pretty high on the national charts, "Wham" and "Memphis." They are included on the album and gave it its title. Subsequent ones, "Lonnie on the Move" and "Chicken

Pickin'" were of a similar nature. They were all show pieces for a rock-guitar virtuoso.

As a rock guitarist, Lonnie Mack is in a class by himself. He was playing riffs that were unimaginable. Yet, his playing on these cuts have a tightness, direction and control that seem to be frequently absent in the performance of many of the hot-shot electric guitarists around today.

His soli have a peculiar running quality (i.e., as if they were composed as a background for a chase scene). But he never loses the neat phrasing and high definition that make him sound, at times, to be more studio than rock. He is exceedingly proficient with the tremolo arm, stretching notes until they almost break, sliding whole runs until they sound more organ than guitar.

The six instrumentals on the album show off Lonnie's guitar work as stylistically unified but nowhere repetitious. It is Mack's melodic inventiveness that makes these cuts. He takes even a relatively dull song like "Susie-Q" and uses such imaginative improvisation that it is in no way dull.

The backup band sounds more like the Stax-Volt house band than anything else that comes to mind. It contains drums, bass, organ and two saxes. The playing of the band is polished, competent, and together.

On some of the numbers, both vocal and instrumental, the sound is augmented by a black chick group. They were unmentioned on the liner, and I only found out their name (the Char-Mays) from Lonnie Mack. Their work is tasteful, unobtrusive, and adds considerably to the richness of the sound.

In the instrumentals, which include two Lonnie Mack compositions, "Down and Out" and "Down in the Dumps" plus "Wham," there is a structural similarity. The guitar, always high and uptight, is backed by and pitted against either the chorus, the saxes, or both.

But it is the voice of Lonnie Mack that truly sets him apart. He is primarily a gospel singer, and in a way not too different from, say, Elvis, whose gospel works are both great and largely unnoticed. But where Elvis' singing has always had an impersonal quality, Lonnie's songs have a sincerity and intensity that's hard to find anywhere. And this comes through even when his pronunciation becomes difficult to follow, which it occasionally does.

The album, which contains five vocals. They are from pretty diverse sources: a Lonnie Mack original, a gospel cut by Martha Carson, and three R&B numbers from Jimmy Reed, Hank Ballard, and Larry Williams. Take "Baby, What's Wrong," by Jimmy Reed. It was quite an ordinary, one might even say undistinguished R&B song. Lonnie added the Memphis band backup, the chorus, doubled the tempo, and sang the song his own way. What was produced was R&B, but of a highly different form, and a song of intense driving power.

The Hank Ballard song, "I'll Keep You Happy," is a quieter, more lyric tune. It captures a gospel-like quality in a basic love song. It is reminiscent of some of the Platters' songs of the Fifties. In fact, much of the album has its roots back in the best of Fifties rock.

Possibly the most striking cut on the record is "Why" by Lonnie Mack. The structure of the song is simplicity itself, slow and even, and the lyrics are most ordinary. Two things make it and one is the power of the vocal. It contains one of the finest screams heard this side of Sam and Dave. The other thing is the guitar break which is masterful, agonized, like the singing. He is simply asking the question "Why?" (did you leave me) and if you don't know it's killing him, you're without sensitivity.

Through all the vocals, there is no doubt that you are listening to a facile, natural singer. He has just been signed by Elektra, and will begin recording in a short time, "a whole new thing," strictly blues, with a different sort of backup. After five years on the road, with scant recognition, Lonnie deserves what a contract with someone like Elektra can bring.

One hopes that in updating, repackaging and psyche-delicizing his sound, Lonnie Mack, doesn't lose any of the qualities that made *Wham of the Memphis Man* a classic. If at all possible, Elektra should reissue that record. It's great. ALEC DUBRO



Look Inside the Asylum Choir, Asylum Choir (Smash SRS-67107)

As you might guess from their name, Asylum Choir is a Los Angeles group. Like L.A., it is sometimes tasteless and crass (look at the jacket), but it is vital, freaky and exciting. Leon Russell and Marc Benno wrote and produced the album, apparently in a frenzy. Reportedly, they play all the instruments heard on it, with the help of an electronic synthesizer.

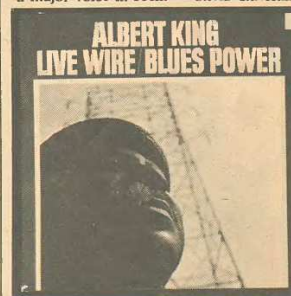
The music is good-times rock; it has the same funky joy that the Spoonful used to, before Fame and Changes cut their strings. The influence of Dylan is evident in the many country harmonies, and you can hear the ghost of Jerry Lee Lewis stalking the keyboard. The instrumental is slithery and funky, punctuated by outrageous sound effects. It is freaky stuff, but it hangs together well; the sound effects are well-done and funny, and almost never become tiresome game-playing. The vocals are rough and even rude, but rock could use a bit more rudeness. Some few times the lyrics and the production are not daring, but merely stupid, but still, their stupidity is unpretentious and interesting.

The album begins by putting its feet solidly in L.A. "Welcome to Hollywood" is brassy and satirical, complete with Movietone Fanfares of Imperishable Brass, and some strange sound-effects that sound like King Kong attended the session. "Icicle Star Tree" is spaced fantasy, which lurches along at a funny, uneven tempo. "Soul Food" has the sort of upfront outrageous humor that makes singles into hits. "Indian Style," which has been getting a fair amount of play on the San Francisco rock stations, is not a George Harrison tedium-raga, but is a whooping satire on the fad for Indian Philosophy and style: "New Yawwkk City's going Indian style/With an Indian Flower Child." The album has no bad tracks at all—each song makes its point, insensibly but amusingly.

As rock becomes more and more a producer's medium, there has been a tendency for excitement and musical daring to fade away, filtered out by days and days spent in the studio. So many of the best groups—the Airplane, the Dead, Moby Grape—sound stifled and stuffed on records. The Asylum Choir's is a well produced album, but it has not lost presence; you can feel the music as well as hear it.

The Choir's impact is partly due, undoubtedly, to its insanity. It isn't psychotic in the same way that Hendrix, say, is—the Choir's insanity is enjoyable in much the same way the movie *King of Hearts* was enjoyably insane.

The Choir hasn't been receiving a lot of attention, but they are already well-developed and together. If they survive the second-album temptation to go through changes, they may prove to be a major voice in rock. DAVID GANCHER



Live Wire/Blues Power, Albert King (Stax STS 2003)

There's an old, old blues couplet—I first heard Big Bill Broonzy sing it but it certainly goes further back than even his recollection did, probably so even

—Continued on Page 7

—Continued from Page 2
recently emancipated tenant farmer in the Yazoo Delta looking out from his front porch at the wavy red reflections on the river—"The sun rises in the east, mama, and it sets down in the west/ It's so hard, hard to tell which woman will love you the best." Albert King's "Blues at Sunrise" on this LP opens this way. "Sun rises in the east, lover, it set deeply in the west/I've been lookin' for my lover and I haven't found her yet."

In other words, this is not the place to look for something shockingly new, "inventive," surreal, etc. Here is just one man's reworking of a classic format to make an intensely personal statement, invoking all the clichés without becoming for one second a cliché itself. Just the unadulterated pure and simple blues, "the old country blues" as he calls them, home base for the thousand variations of a hundred musicians. If this sort of direct, unvarnished blues didn't already exist, it would have been necessary for Butterfield, Clapton & Co. to have invented it.

Of course, Albert King is not that old-time sharecropper but an extremely flexible and effective contemporary musician, as his playing on his first Stax album, *Born Under a Bad Sign*, and on the other cuts here clearly shows. But "Blues at Sunrise" is played absolutely straight; even in his guitar solo, a stone set-up for showboating, he uses no tricks or frills, not letting the electrified instrument play itself, and remains alone with the blues.

The 14-year-old white junior high school student on a San Francisco streetcar told me to listen to that one, so it appears that Albert is right when he says that "everybody has the blues, everybody understands the blues," as he does in his opening monologue on "Blues Power." A sly humorist in the best tradition of the Negro stage, Albert again proves (as his offhand comments on the single "Cold Feet" did) that the spoken word is King. He doesn't sing at all on this track, but plays in an assortment of musical settings, at times almost unaccompanied, his trademark drawn out single notes backed by the lightest cymbal sizzle, at others with organ, tenor and electric bass riffing behind him to provide a very funky R&B feel.

Stax for some reason didn't see fit to include some of the other material they recorded during the date at the Fillmore when this album was taken, including a superb "Stormy Monday" and a very gutty version of "Laundromat Blues." The tunes that round out the LP are not to be sneezed at, though. "Please Love Me" is a medium tempo Kansas City style blues à la Joe Turner and Jimmy Witherspoon, with the guitar work giving King's peculiar texture to the mixture.

The instrumental "Watermelon Man" illustrates Albert's penchant for adapting extra-blues material to fit his needs—in this case jazz pianist Herbie Hancock's tune as popularized by the Afro-Cuban Mongo Santamaria Orchestra, but he has used Beatie tunes as well. And the closer, "Look Out," is a real rocker, complete with heavy beat and lots of drum work, that contains enough quotes and fills from various R&B records to supply an entire rib joint juke box by itself... and is still solid Albert King, which is pretty solid.

JEROLD GREENBERG



Sailor, The Steve Miller Band (Capitol ST 2984)

The Steve Miller Band made an impressive debut with *Children of the Future*. *Sailor*, their new LP, is a most worthy successor. While their first album had a very strong blues flavor (especially on side two), *Sailor* has more of a rock and roll feeling.

"Song For Our Ancestors," which opens the album, tastefully blends ocean sound effects with an instrumental background. This cut is much more successful than the Miller Band's previous attempt at a sound montage ("Psychodelic B.B.") which got a bit boring. "Dear Mary" is a very soft and slow ballad which makes me think about dancing close in the eighth grade when the lights were turned off. Miller sings the sentimental lyrics in an inoffensive falsetto.

The next tune is "My Friend," and it really rocks. The production is incredibly clean throughout the album, but this cut is the most outstanding. The arrangement is solid, with a good use of a sound effect simulating brass, in fact, the song has a strong feeling of Sly and the Family Stone.

"Living In The USA" starts off appropriately enough with drag strip sound effects. The song is a commentary on the US scene, but unfortunately some of the lyrics are rather weak. A good editor could have really perfected the words. The song is a real rocker though, and one cool moment occurs at the beginning of the fade out when Miller yells desperately, "Somebody get me a cheeseburger!" That line captures everything.

Side two begins with "Quicksilver Girl." This is a very commercial type of candy-rock song, and although it's pretty it is also quite ignorable. I like the line "She spreads her wings and she's free," but maybe I'm reading too much B. B. King into it.

"Lucky Man," features a very tasty acoustical guitar intro. It fades into the next cut, Johnny Guitar Watson's revived "Gangster of Love," which is a talking song in which the vocalist expounds his prowess as a lover ("Hey, Mr. Sheriff, that's your wife on the back of my horse"). This cut is pretty funny for a few times, but it tends to get old and "cute" pretty quickly. It is only a minute and a half long.

Following "Gangster" is a Jimmy Reed tune, "You're So Fine," which is the only straight blues cut on the album. It features some very good harp work. The song comes in heavy, but goes out weakly, and is thus not as successful as their earlier blues work. "Overdrive" is a strong Bo Diddley-type number, featuring a bottlenecked electric guitar. The lyrics are a bit "Oh wow, heavy!" but they don't get in the way. The guitar break is a bit disappointing however.

"Dime-A-Dance Romance" is really solid rock and roll. The bass line is nearly right out of "Jumpin' Jack Flash" and the whole song is really alive and exciting. The lyrics are excellent and blend well with the mood of the song. Both in its various parts and also as a whole, The song is perfectly constructed. This cut is the highlight of the album.

The Miller Band is really together. If you like good solid rock-blues, they can really lay it down. They also can handle ballads with remarkable success. The production is superb, the performances are always high level. Though a few of the songs have rather mediocre lyrics, they are never obnoxious or pretentious. The only other fault in the album is that the guitar work as a whole is disappointing. None of the solos are up to par with either their first album or their better live performances. But this is not to say that they aren't good. Because they are quite good. Taste is evident throughout this LP.

In a sense this album is also disappointing. Harmonies (as on "Quicksilver Girl") are oftentimes sloppy and corny; cuts such as "Lucky Man" and "She's Fine" being straight blues in a rock and roll setting are ultimately weak. Despite these kinds of faults, faults of imperfection and unevenness, so much of this album is so well done that it is a fine record. "Dime-A-Dance Romance" is all one could ever expect or want in the way of a rock and roll song.

Buy this album if you liked the first one. If you haven't heard either, buy them both. The Steve Miller Band can be justly proud of *Sailor*. They are one of the two or three San Francisco bands which really deserve the praise which S.F. bands seem to receive in such bulk. No shit!

It's a pity that *Sailor* is being promoted as a psychedelic item, because in contrast to the excess of that genre, this is in every sense a musical album. It is also a pity that the group is breaking up — and the tensions are evident in the construction of the album, so many fragments — because the best was still yet to come.

MIKE DORN



Honkey Blues, Sir Douglas Quintet Plus Two (Smash 67108)

Honkey Blues is not the latest, greatest rock and roll record to come out in the last week; it is however, one of the most welcome records. First of all, it's rhythm and blues, in the vein of Bobby Blue Hand or even Horace Silver, because this record is also into the realm of jazz. The horn riffs are lyrical, the melodies beautiful with understated lyrics. No one of it is totally unique, but all of it just right, spontaneous and fitted precisely into its place.

These qualities are largely a matter of the taste and ability to satisfy an audience on the part of Sir Douglas Sahm, the man himself. Sir Doug began playing steel guitar professionally at the age of nine, performing in country music, blues and R&B clubs around Texas into his early teens. At nineteen, Sir Doug had two national hits: "She's About A Mover" and "Rain, Rain, Rain."

After "Rain, Rain, Rain," Sir Douglas went virtually unheard of. About two years ago, Bob Dylan was asked in a press conference if he had heard anything lately, and he mentioned Sir Doug. Dylan had Sir Doug up to Woodstock for a while, and later he recommended that Grossman take Sir Doug on. But Grossman didn't see it, and Sir Doug moved on to Big Sur and then to Mercury Records, where for the past year he has been producing other groups (Junior Parker and Roy Head among them) and getting together this new record.

What we have on this record are tracks running from uptempo Stax kind of things, through Latin tempo minor blues and very funky, jazzy instrumental things, as well as ballads and some straight pre-sixties stuff. All of the material except one song are originals. The modes are not new; the performance and interior ideas are.

The feeling of the performance is relaxed, free and mellow; the spirit is bright and enthusiastic, and the musicians have come up with some very tasty arrangements and hip solo work. Martin Ferrio should be credited for his fine solos and very bright horn section work and Wayne Talbert, the same, on piano. Both Talbert and Ferrio (the "plus two" in the title) will be in for some high recognition soon, especially Talbert whose soulful keyboard is remarkable. The texture and coloring of the whole record is greatly effected by Talbert's close-in attack and wandering right hand. George Raines is one of the most solid, versatile and imaginative drummers to appear lately.

The lyrics, generally speaking, seem to come out of the feeling of the music, and talk around that feeling. Sahm's language is direct and his images arise from the broad sense of the theme of the song. Sir Doug is just "talkin' to ya."

Anyway, as one conscientious critic, record-buyer, music-digger to another, this one's really got it. It's got them groovy blues and that pretty gospel and that down home, country righteous good tone to it. The record makes me dance around and sing along. I've copped some good licks from it and most generally enjoy myself all around when I hear it.

BOZ SCAGGS

In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida, The Iron Butterfly (Atco SD 33-250)

Iron Butterfly's first album was called *Heavy* which is very descriptive, that's just about the only thing to be said about it, it was a very obvious effort to be just that.

I had hoped that their second would be different. Two members of the group present on *Heavy* were replaced and rumors had it their sound was totally changed from the first into something called "mystery-rock" (more butterfly than iron). 'Fraid not, almost the exact same trip in the second as in the first.

The Butterfly know they have a profitable thing going and they don't wanna spoil it.

The Iron Butterfly makes dull commercial music, to be blunt and to the point (an odd mixing of metaphors). Doug Ingle (leader, organ and vocals) states that their major influences are themselves and it shows, Ingle, being their musical leader and director, can be blamed for a great deal. His singing is the most inflexible and sterile I've heard from a major group, and he plays a strictly chickenshit organ. The lead guitarist, touted by Atlantic as one of the best younger guitarists, seems to be content to show how many keen noises he can get out of his guitar. For that he should get a medal.

Ron Bushy, drummer, is the only really talented person here; he of course is responsible for the famous drum solo in the title song. "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" is another rock epic taking up all of one side and in doing so manages to bore me to death. It's pretty ridiculous, lasting 17 minutes, most of it very repetitious with little improvisation ("we used to (improvise) but now we know where it's at") and lots of superfluous—the drum solo, for example, contributes very little to the song. The lyrics make a little sense until you learn that it's a song about life and that the title means "in a garden of life." My my, isn't that clever?

Basically the Iron Butterfly is just another third class group posing as a first class one so high school girls can freak out over them; they are definitely "in" and "what's happening." Oh hum, they'll go away after awhile. It's just a matter of time and the latest musical fads blowing over.

JIM POMEROY

A Soviet Agent

jon said to bob
show me
your face as it was
when it was
your face

sing me a song
bout wars bein won
with god on our side
gainst masters of war
wink me a wink
like you did
just before
that song about a next world war

don said to bob
show me
your lightbulb your handles
and that little thing
you found over in England

sing me a song
of the two wheel
gypsy queen

tell me
bout ezra pound
and t s elliot
fighting in the captains towers

jack said to mack
i think perhaps

maybe

he's
puttin us on
sitting in woodstock
with red pajamas on

mack said to bob
i get the Idea
dance us a jig
in your leopard skin
pill box hat
with your
sad eyed lady
with her
mercury mouth

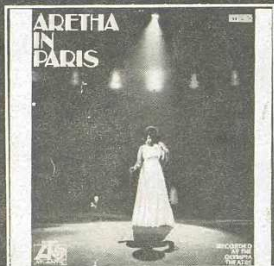
& yes
the postoffice has been stole
the mailbox is lost

(or are you a soviet agent
after all)

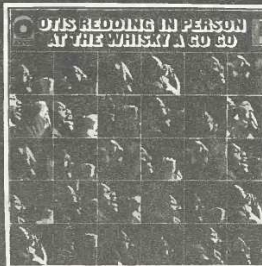
but bob stood alone
on a gyrating throne
with his curls sheared
and a five day beard
and strummed his guitar
and smiled his smile
and done his donts
what a lovely sly smile
was all they had wrote

—Nicholas Schaeffer

The HEAVY Sounds are on Atlantic-Atco Records



ARETHA FRANKLIN
ARETHA IN PARIS
Atlantic SD 8207



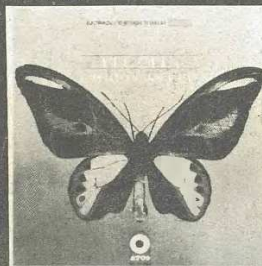
OTIS REDDING IN PERSON
AT THE WHISKY A GO-GO
Atco SD 33-265



SAM & DAVE
I THANK YOU
Atlantic SD 8205



HERBIE MANN
THE INSPIRATION I FEEL
Atlantic SD 1513



BEE GEES
RARE PRECIOUS & BEAUTIFUL
Atco SD 33-264



CARMEN McRAE
THE SOUND OF SILENCE
Atlantic SD 8200



THE BEST OF KING CURTIS
Atco SD 33-266



THE BEST OF
BOOKER T. & THE MG'S
Atlantic SD 8202



ARCHIE BELL & THE DRELLS
I CAN'T STOP DANCING
Atlantic SD 8204



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